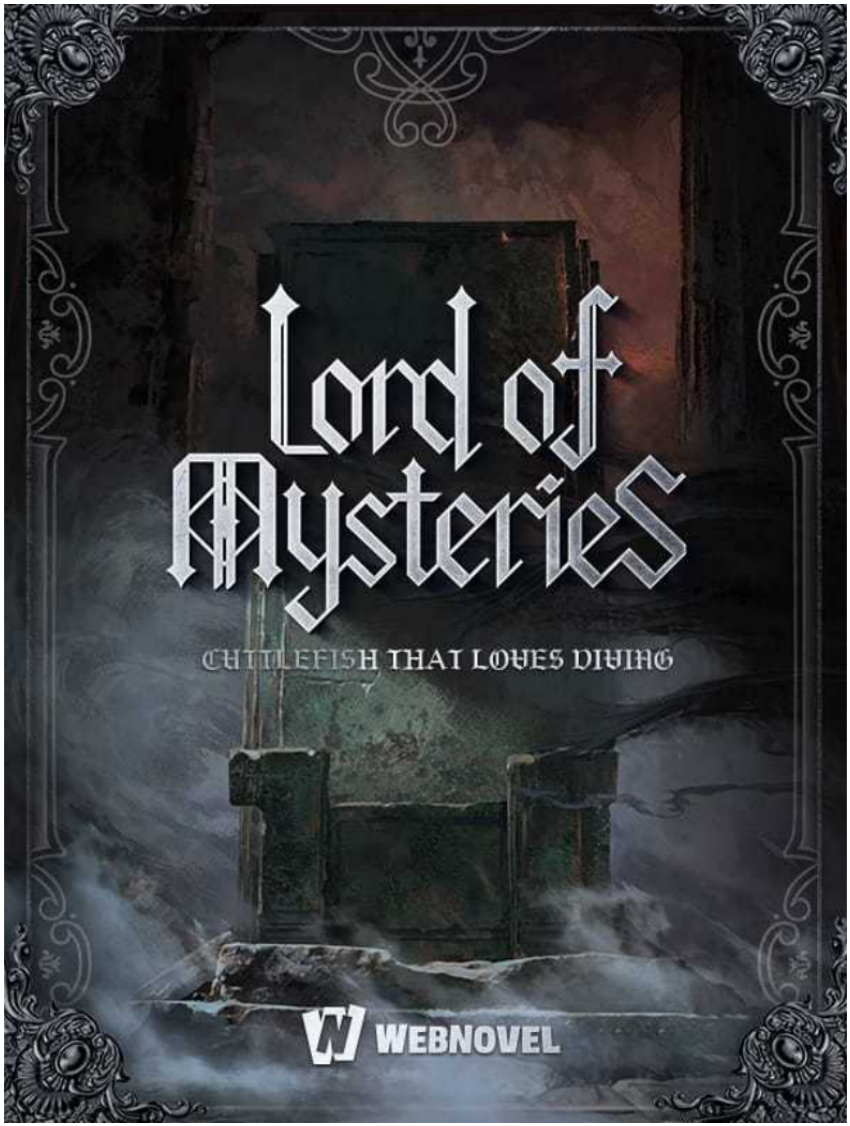
Lord of Mysteries
CUTTLEFISH THAT LOVES DIVING
WEBNOVEL

Information

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Lord of Mysteries

Fantasia

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Chs/Semana

Esta é a taxa média de lançamentos realizados nos últimos 30 dias. O cronograma do tradutor é --Chs/Semana.

1,432 Capítulos

68.5M Modos de exibição
Autor: *Cuttlefish That Loves Diving****Translator:*** *Atlas Studios****Editor:*** *Atlas Studios*
mais

4.89 (5,035 Avaliações)

Sinopse

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who can come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of history and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmurs into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zhou Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in an alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled with machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, difference machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Cards, Sealed Artifacts…

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone far. Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Churches of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slowly develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which is numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is the legend of "The Fool."

483: New Identity

Editor: Atlas Studios

The sky was dark outside the window, but it wasn't the dark fog which Klein was used to. The sea waves rolled in, blowing away all the smog and making the clouds line up in various shapes, reflecting the reddish-gold sunlight.

This was Pritz Harbor, the largest and busiest port in the Loen Kingdom.

Wearing a light vest and white shirt, Klein stood by the window and watched the outside world for a while until his pocket watch urged him to return to the mahogany table.

In the warmth of the fireplace, he picked up a black, round fountain pen, unfolded a letter, and slowly wrote:

Dear Mr. Azik,

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484: Asymmetrical

Editor: Atlas Studios

As he thought back to the recent events, The Moon, Emlyn, was quick to associate it with the great smog and the plague outbreak, guessing that this was what the lady opposite him was referring to.

But I heard that it was the work of a Demoness of Despair who was trying to advance herself… Furthermore, the Church of Storms responded quickly, creating a hurricane to blow everything away. How could it be said that The Fool saved Backlund? Emlyn, who had an entire clan behind him, was quite well-informed. Upon doing the comparison, it was hard for him not to be surprised and confused.

Although he had always been proud and didn't wish to spend time on social interactions, he still felt an instinctive fear when faced with a hidden existence that he had to address with "He." He didn't dare to open his mouth to ask and decided to listen for a while.

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485: Rich Information

Editor: Atlas Studios

Hermes? That's an ancient powerhouse… Klein frowned slightly.

With his solid knowledge of mysticism, he was well aware of the era in which the old gentleman who had created the language of ancient Hermes had been active.

That is during the Second Epoch when the giants ruled the land and the dragons soared through the skies. In a particular sense, he appeared before the God of Combat and the Earth Mother in human history. In other words, even Little Sun, who didn't know the seven gods before joining the Tarot Club, would likely know of the name Hermes. Yes, I should find a chance to confirm this using The World…

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486: Klein's Conjectures

Editor: Atlas Studios

Emlyn was similarly confused. Words like "Rose Redemption," "Angel of Fate," and "destroying the repeated cycle of fate" were beyond his understanding. He only felt that he could understand every word, but had no idea what they meant when placed together.

Could it be that the young Sun had just escaped the pursuit of an angel? Emlyn guessed from the small amount of information he could understand.

After Derrick thanked Mr. Fool, The Hanged Man shifted his position slightly, leaned slightly towards him, and kicked off using Miss Justice's question. He said in a normal tone, "What was the exact sequence of events?"

Derrick didn't hide anything and honestly replied, "Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, Miss Magician, and Mr. World, thank you for your concern, and thank you for the suggestions you previously gave me. In my sixth exploration, I tried…"

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487: The Growing Tarot Club

Editor: Atlas Studios

The moment he was being stared at, Emlyn was momentarily at a loss, vaguely aware that he had asked something he shouldn't have.

Why are you looking at me like that. Can't I have a Sanguine friend? Should I try to explain… No, what's wrong with being a Sanguine? I'm a Sanguine; there's wrong with admitting that! Us Sanguine have a long history, long lives, and rich heritage. It's a lofty race! None of you are especially amazing either. What was just traded was only a Sequence 6 item at best! After a few thoughts, Emlyn White raised his chin and proudly added, "Yes, I am a pure Sanguine."

No one asked him if he was… Mr. Moon is lacking some self-confidence, which resulted in him reacting a little excessively… Audrey read Emlyn's performance.

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488: Living Expenses

Editor: Atlas Studios

Preordering a mystical item? Alger was stunned for a second before he realized what Miss Justice was talking about.

The limits of his mind were widened, and he felt that there was room for exploitation.

In a particular sense, the Beyonder characteristic The World has entrusted to me has been sold. There is a definite destination to the item… I can easily simplify the process and make things benefit me more easily. That is to say, I don't have to sell it to the Artisan again. Instead, I should choose to entrust the work. This way, I don't have to worry about whether the characteristic can be sold. I can receive the commission from The World and also obtain more profit from Miss Justice's side. The only capital I need to put up is the fabrication fees for entrusting the job. Of course, I have to consider if the Artisan will be willing to promise to take the risk…

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489: Held Up Suggestion

Editor: Atlas Studios

After another round of conversations, Derrick suddenly asked a question, "Honorable Mr. Fool, what kind of hand gesture should we use when we would like to thank you usually?"

Hand gesture? Klein was momentarily stumped by Little Sun's question.

It had never occurred to him to imitate the gesture of drawing a clockwise circle from the Church of the Goddess, nor the Church of Storms's prayer gesture of striking the left of one's chest with their right fist.

This is probably the last bottom line of a fake god… He lampooned inwardly.

Seeing Mr. Fool smile without a word as though he was waiting for her and others to make suggestions, Audrey suddenly had a lot of inspiration and came up with a new question.

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490: Warning of a Former Sailor

Editor: Atlas Studios

The lobby of the Pritz Harbor Ticket Company was rather spacious, with seven ticketing windows, but there were already a dozen or so people lined up in front of each.

Klein took a glance and didn't directly go to the one with the fewest people. Instead, he took two steps to the right and arrived in front of an erected brown board.

There were many pieces of white paper pasted on the wooden board, announcing all the information about the recent week's passenger ships, including their destinations, the ports they passed, and the prices of the different cabins.

Before Klein could take a closer look, a staff member came over and drew a red circle on the second-class cabin of one line, marking it with a single phrase: "Sold out."

"So popular…" Klein sighed.

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491: The Sherlock Moriarty in the Investigation Report

Editor: Atlas Studios

Leonard?

Klein thought for a moment that he was mistaken.

However, the blurring caused by the rays of light wasn't that serious. Being familiar with Leonard, he was able to quickly confirm his previous judgment.

In the time it took to take a breath, Leonard disappeared, the light dispersed, and the valley returned to its midwinter silence. The scene which Klein saw in the dream shattered as a result.

He opened his eyes and placed the badge he had obtained from Lanevus on the surface of the long bronze table.

Is it really Leonard, or a Faceless disguised as Leonard? Klein considered and flipped a gold coin.

His spirituality had told him through the medium that it was Leonard Mitchell, his teammate from the Tingen Nighthawks team!

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492: Adventurer

Editor: Atlas Studios

As soon he stepped onto the deck and before he could enter the cabin, Klein saw a figure moving through the crowd towards him through the corner of his eye.

He looked over his shoulder with an air of indifference but hidden vigilance, and he saw a man in his thirties wearing a black half top hat and a trench coat of the same color.

The other party had a weathered face, looking boorish but extremely masculine. His light blue eyes didn't contain a smile, as if they were immersed in many past events.

He looks a little familiar… Right, he's that guy I noticed at the ticket office yesterday. He seems to be an adventurer as well… He's actually wearing a trench coat at sea in January. He's quite strong… While lifting his cane with ease and pointing diagonally downwards, Klein said with a smile, "Good morning, we meet again."

It was like he was greeting an old friend.

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493: Hunting

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Honorable Arrodes, my second question is: 'How did Sherlock Moriarty escape from the ruins?'" Ikanser's mood was a lot more relaxed than before.

The surface of the silver mirror shimmered, rapidly outlining Sherlock Moriarty leaning his back against the wall, his fists clenching and tightening.

Then, Ikanser Bernard and the surrounding Machinery Hivemind deacons and captains saw the private detective's exaggerated smile before turning around and dashing out with his gun drawn.

At this moment, under the influence of the composed scene, they all felt an inexplicable sense of sadness and excitement.

The image in the mirror jumped, revealing Sherlock Moriarty wielding his revolver as he shot at the altar to no avail. The scene of those disintegrating bullets caused everyone present to be a little worried.

Then, Sherlock Moriarty threw out a brass key, and the altar showed signs of instability due to corruption.

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494: A Bite of Murloc

Editor: Atlas Studios

The red moon hung high in the sky as Klein walked over to Donna and Denton and squatted down beside them.

Cecile, the female comrade of Cleves, let out a sigh of relief. She picked up the rifle on the deck, bent down, and quickly walked in another direction. She opened up a distance of about ten meters from the peppered pig's organs.

"Uncle, is it starting?…" The mischievous, freckled teenage girl, Donna, suddenly felt a little nervous. However, her face was filled with curiosity and anticipation.

Klein raised his left index finger to his mouth, motioning for the two young ones to be quiet.

At times like this, he couldn't help but thank Roselle. It was because of the efforts of this transmigration senior that some of his habitual gestures had become common body language in the Northern Continent, so it wouldn't lead to misunderstandings.

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495: Legend of Treasure

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the deck, there was an extra layer of asbestos beneath the grill to prevent the coal sparks from being blown out by the wind and scorching the surface of the ship.

The fat cook, wearing an apron and a tall white hat invented by Roselle, used a fine brush to constantly apply a seasoning created from a secret recipe—basil, fennel, sea salt, pepper, and lemon juice—to the long, white strips of fish, and frequently flipped them over to ensure that both sides were evenly heated.

The flesh of the murloc's belly was fatty, dripping with drops of oil and causing the coal beneath the iron mesh to sizzle and flare up.

An enticing aroma began to fill the air, and Klein inhaled again and again.

In front of him was a round table and a chair. On top of the table was a unique looking bottle of wine. The wine was golden red in color and seemed slightly sticky as it swirled about.

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496: The Promising Sea

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Fountain of Unaging? Will you really gain eternal youth if you drink it?" Donna widened her eyes and asked curiously.

She didn't have any feelings of anticipation, because she was still young enough.

Elland didn't answer at once, and instead, he forked a piece of fried murloc rib meat, tore into it in two bites, and took a sip of Sonia wine.

The sweet and smooth taste has completely nullified the cloyed taste of fried oil… His eyes were half-closed, and he looked like a gourmet.

After pondering for a few seconds, he slowly answered Donna's question, "I don't know if there's a Fountain of Unaging, nor am I certain if the King of Immortality, Agalito, drank its waters. I only know one thing, and that is, that when I was very young, I heard the legend of this pirate king. It's just like how King of the Five Seas, Nast, seems to live forever."

"Their beards must be very long, extending beyond than their chests!" Denton gave his opinion.

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497: The Wall of Rewards

Editor: Atlas Studios

After the talk about the legends of treasures that had inspired generations of adventurers to go to sea came to an end, the cook had also finished roasting the flesh of the murloc's belly.

They were white after being cooked, charred a little black, and covered with tiny brown particles that glistened with a moist, oily glow.

The repeated smearing of seasonings had already seeped into the texture of the meat, effusing it with a tantalizing visual effect.

"Desi grilled fish, it's different from how you usually eat it." Elland pointed at the white porcelain plate the cook lowered.

Donna held her fork and knife and eagerly said, "I love honey-roasted fish!

"But this is also very appetizing."

Honey-roasted fish… How much honey would that take… If I have a chance to try it, the taste should be pretty good… Klein allowed his imagination to run wild.

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498: Persona

Editor: Atlas Studios

The standoff was between a brawny man in a blue white-striped shirt, a symbol of the navy. Despite the weather being at near zero temperatures, he had his arms bare.

He held a dagger against the throat of the man opposite him, but his glabella was being pointed at by an ancient musket, one which could've been placed in a museum.

The musket's owner was also more than 1.8 meters tall, with strong muscles and an oily face. He had shaved his hair, and with a sea eagle tattoo, he cursed, "Dogsh*t Navy sailor!

"No one in Damir Harbor would dare slander me as a pirate's informant!"

The Navy sailor didn't yield to him, and both sides fully illustrated the rich profanities of the sea.

Klein observed for a few seconds, then he walked around the edge to Captain Elland, who had a straight sword at his waist and a hidden musket on his body. He asked in a calm and casual manner, "What happened?"

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499: Solicitation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Ding!

The gold coin quietly flipped up, tumbled down, and firmly lay in the palm of Klein's hand.

Lowering his head to glance if it was heads or tails, Klein spun his heel and smoothly turned into a quiet, dark alley.

The wind by the sea was cold and strong, and it caused a convection in the area, propelling his coat up without him realizing it and causing his half top hat to almost fall off.

Suddenly, Klein stopped, turned around, and said in a deep voice, "Come out."

His eyes were sharp as he stared at the shadow around the corner.

After four or five seconds of silence, a figure emerged from the shadows. He chuckled and said, "Very sharp."

It was a man in a black cloak, approximately thirty years of age, and his eyebrows were charred yellow while his dark blue eyes were bright. His face wasn't too chiseled, as though he was from the area south of Intis, Lenburg, and Segar.

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500: Interrogating White Shark

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bam!

The bartender fell to the ground, writhing in pain.

White Shark Hamilton snorted and didn't say anything. He turned around and walked towards the second floor, stepping on the creaking wooden stairs.

After the excitement was over, the drunkards dispersed one by one. Unaffected, Captain Elland and the others returned upstairs to continue playing cards.

Klein took the opportunity to follow.

He returned to Flying Fish & Wine, not to deal with White Shark who didn't pose any threat to him but rather to simply get more information from the owner of the bar, who was connected to many pirate factions. After all, he had named his new identity Gehrman, which secretly implied hunting pirates whose hands were stained with blood. He planned on using their souls, flesh, and Beyonder characteristics to replace the souls in Creeping Hunger who were awaiting their release.

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501: Bait

Editor: Atlas Studios

After sending out the telegram and cleaning up the desk, White Shark Hamilton relaxed completely. He was finally in the mood and had the ability to think about the details of what had happened to him.

The first question that popped into his mind was: *What about the bouncers outside?*

He propped himself up with both hands and walked heavily to the door. When he opened it to take a look, he found that several of his men were standing there unsteadily, telling each other jokes involving women.

Hamilton's anger rushed to his head, but he soon calmed down. The muscles on his face twitched slightly as he pounded on the open door.

Thump!

The bouncers were startled and instinctively turned to look at the door.

"Boss…"

"Boss…"

Seeing who was making the sound, they hurriedly stood there and stammered.

White Shark took a deep breath and asked, "Did you see anyone enter my room?"

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502: The Scene in Azik's Memories

Editor: Atlas Studios

Pa!

Klein stretched out his hand and caught the slightly heavy letter.

The large skeleton messenger didn't stay, and it immediately disintegrated into a fountain of bones. One bone after another fell to the deck and disappeared, as though it didn't want to stay a second longer.

With the letter firmly in his hand, Klein didn't lower his head to examine it. Instead, he instinctively turned around and looked at the wooden staircase leading to the first-class cabins.

He saw Donna and Denton with their eyes wide and mouths agape, as though they wanted to scream at the sight of the scene, but everything they saw was over before they could make a sound. As a result, they even wondered if they were hallucinating.

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503: Hostage

Editor: Atlas Studios

Discovering a pirate who was worth 3,000 pounds board the ship in disguise, Klein immediately felt wary. He smiled to Denton and Donna who were beside him and said, "I've got a friend."

He calmly walked towards the Vice Admiral Iceberg's fourth boatswain, locking his eyes on the other party.

The smile on Blazing Danitz froze when he saw the young adventurer, with crazy blood flowing through his veins, slowly approach. He suddenly had a thought, *Run! Run as fast as you can! Do your best to escape! Even if I have to use Beyonder powers and expose my identity, I have to flee immediately!*

In his eyes, the reserved and stern adventurer was a genuine monster draped in human skin!

Just as Danitz was about to make his move, he suddenly calmed down because he remembered what happened last night: the adventurer hadn't attacked him and had allowed him to leave!

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504: Red Skull Pirate Crew

Editor: Atlas Studios

A Beyonder was allowed to leave the fleet? Without Danitz's deliberate explanation, Klein easily understood why he found it strange.

In a Nighthawk team, even the civilian staff would experience strict restrictions. Even a normal resignation would require them to sign a life-long confidentiality agreement. They weren't allowed to leave the Nighthawk team's area that they originally belonged to, and once they were approved to move to another city, they had to immediately register at the local Evernight Church.

From such rules, it could be seen how the officials treated Beyonders powers and related matters. A Beyonder who had drunk a potion wouldn't be able to leave their organization so easily.

Klein clearly remembered that Miss Justice initially had the means and channels to become a Beyonder, but she didn't attempt them. The reason given was that she didn't want to lose her freedom.

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505: A Servant Worth 3,000 Pounds

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Captain, the Red Skull pirates have fled!"

A sailor rushed into the captain's quarters.

"They fled?" Elland lifted his telescope and looked quizzically at the calm sea, just in time to see the Red Skull disappear into the horizon.

He frowned, completely unable to understand how such a development could've occurred.

From his point of view, the White Agate's armaments definitely weren't capable of scaring off the Red Skull pirates. It was guaranteed that both parties would have to circle around each other dozens of times during the skirmish and fire multiple shots in order to ensure that the other party found them a tough nut to crack. Without daring to engage in a prolonged, they would then rationally choose to retreat.

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506: The Weather Museum

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein already had a basic understanding of Danitz's character, so he didn't take the initiative to ask about the legends. He continued sitting in his chair and calmly looked at him.

Danitz, who hadn't been interrupted, shook his head.

"Legend has it that 300 years ago when the Loen army first occupied this island, more than 500 soldiers mysteriously disappeared after a fog. Not long after that, a lot of bones appeared by the beach and on the mountain, and similar incidents happened several times. This continued until the Church of Storms built a cathedral here and sent a bishop."

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507: Bansy Harbor in the Wind

Editor: Atlas Studios

Donna jerked back, her pupils constricting, her mouth half-open as her scream reached her lips.

If she hadn't seen the messenger before, then she would've long lost control of herself and staggered to her feet in terror, unconcerned whether she would flip over the tables or chairs.

Fortunately, she was no longer the young lady who was completely ignorant of the matters of the sea when she first boarded the White Agate. Her voice had only become slightly sharper as she pointed outside the window and stammered, "Th-there's a zombie!

"A headless zombie!"

She used the most commonly seen zombie in folklore to describe the terrifying thing she had just seen.

Cecile shot to her feet and rushed to Donna's side. She looked curiously out of the window where the raging wind was blowing and observed for a few seconds.

"There's nothing," she said truthfully.

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508: Don't Go Out

Editor: Atlas Studios

Unlike mainland cities such as Backlund, Tingen, and Pritz Harbor, colonial islands such as Bansy Harbor lacked gas. The lamps lining the two sides of the street were sparse. They had candles caged in glass, waiting to be lit.

Unfortunately, the wind had picked up early, so no one went out in the evening. The candles didn't shine at the predetermined time, and the road was pitch black. The faint outline of the crimson moon shone through the clouds.

Compared to before, the wind was much calmer. At the very least, Klein didn't need to be distracted keeping his hat on.

The thin fog gradually pervaded the air, and the doors and windows of the mainly two-story houses were shut tight. It was pitch black and devoid of any light, as though no one had lived in the area for a long time.

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509: Request

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Timothys?"

"They're still in the restaurant," Urdi Branch subconsciously replied.

He then pointed to the area where the moldy head had been purified and anxiously asked, "What was that just now?"

Maintaining Gehrman Sparrow's persona, Klein didn't answer and glanced at Danitz before walking directly past Donna's family to the tightly closed door of the Green Lemon Restaurant.

Blazing Danitz held his lantern and was relieved having finally completed a goal. He straightened his back, looked at Urdi and the others, and scoffed.

"You don't have to worry about what that was. Just know that it's a monster that will harm you."

If Gehrman Sparrow wasn't only a few meters away, he even wanted to proclaim: Only I, Lord Blazing Danitz, can protect you!

Cleves exchanged glances with Cecile and Teague before taking the initiative to step forward. He comforted his employers and said, "Leave your questions until we are back on the White Agate."

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510: The Returning Bishop

Editor: Atlas Studios

Paavo Court… Cleves didn't directly answer the woman behind the telegraph office's door. He turned to glance at Gehrman Sparrow, waiting for his decision.

In the eyes of this former adventurer, it was a difficult task for fifteen people to get back to the White Agate safely. They couldn't and shouldn't be distracted by helping her search for someone. However, he was well aware that the current pillar of support was Gehrman Sparrow and Blazing Danitz. They were the only ones who had the right to decide on the matter.

Klein remained silent for two seconds, then he spoke in a measured voice.

"What does he look like?"

He believed that having more information would help him escape this strange, foggy city, so he casually asked in passing. As for whether he would help take note of the person's whereabouts, it all depended on what happened next.

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511: "Snitch Halo"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Woosh!

A strong gale blew out from Bishop Millet's body, lifting up his dark blue bishop robes.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! The branches of the nearby trees snapped as they flew into the air.

Donna's body involuntarily rose a few meters into the air before being thrown out several meters. Her body ached all over when she fell to the ground.

It wasn't just her; Cecile, Denton, Timothy, Harris, and the others were all blown up by the wind and landed in different spots. Only Cleves, Teague, and Urdi, either because of their training or abnormally heavy weight, staggered to the ground and tumbled a few times.

Elland, who was facing Bishop Millet directly, did a series of retreating and backward somersaulting actions, dodging the incoming blow from the wind.

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512: The End of Things?

Editor: Atlas Studios

After Klein retrieved his hat, Bishop Millet's Beyonder characteristic had already been fully condensed. It was only the size of a thumb and was translucent and light blue in color. However, from time to time, green streaks would appear like a tidal wave that approached a black hue.

Opening the revolver's cylinder, Klein shook it, dropping the empty shells that were either gold, silver, or brass in color to the ground, creating crisp tinkling sounds.

Then, he calmly took out a speedloader he had prepared earlier and loaded other Beyonder rounds into the gun.

After doing all this, he put away the revolver, bent over to pick up Bishop Millet's Beyonder characteristic, and stuffed it into his pocket without paying too much attention to it.

Klein picked up his cane and turned back to the group after taking a few steps. He pulled out a paper figurine and flicked it like he was lashing a whip.

Pa!

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513: Intimidation

Editor: Atlas Studios

If I had probed deeper, then there might be a high probability that I would've attracted the Rose Redemption or even a hidden Red Angel… There were several times where I danced at the edge of a cliff… Luckily, I managed to restrain my impulse and curiosity about the weird situation at Green Lemon Restaurant and the telegraph office… Klein retracted his gaze, finding the Sun Brooch inadequate in keeping his back from oozing with a layer of cold sweat.

Compared to the arrival of the True Creator, this unknown and undetonated situation was much more horrifying. At least, Klein couldn't help but imagine what would've happened if he kicked the telegraph office's door open, or if he went around to the back, flipped the window, and entered the room.

He constantly imagined all sorts of strange and terrifying scenes, which frightened himself quite a bit.

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514: Legends of Ancient Gods

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the endless gray fog, the majestic palace stood still.

Just as Emlyn White, who had arrived here once again, regained his vision, he saw Miss Justice opposite him looking at the end of the mottled long table before greeting cheerfully, "Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Audrey greeted everyone, one person at a time, starting with The Fool and ending with The World.

This order wasn't according to the seating arrangement, but by the order of the tarot cards—The Fool was the beginning that contained all possibilities, and The World was the end that represented perfect sublimation.

This was a little obsessive-compulsive disorder on Miss Audrey's part, a mysticism enthusiast. It started to appear with the increasing number of Tarot Club members.

She really is a carefree girl of stately birth… Emlyn deliberately passed a deep judgment and politely responded to the greeting.

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515: Harvests for Everyone

Editor: Atlas Studios

Frankly speaking, although Alger had predicted that Miss Justice wouldn't bargain, and the fact that the mystical item was indeed worth about 5,500 pounds, he still felt a strong sense of discomfort over such actions. It felt like after all the hard work he had put in to make a killing, the money he earned wasn't even more than her pocket money.

675 pounds split from The World, and the Artisan's fee is only 600 pounds. I'll earn a net profit of 400 pounds… I've made a total of 1,075 pounds in this transaction, but The World isn't a simple figure. He has a great deal of Beyonder characteristics and potion formulas, and he's involved in a great number of events. He's in the know of relatively important information. It's not worth it to get into a conflict with him over a few hundred pounds. Otherwise, I could've pushed the price of his Beyonder characteristic to below 4,000 pounds… The Hanged Man thought wistfully.

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516: The Hanged Man's Guess

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amidst his shock, another doubt surfaced in Alger's mind.

If Mr. Fool had foreseen this, why did he mention that Bansy Harbor's matter is related to Rose Redemption and the King of Angels, Medici?

Did "He" tell us on purpose?

"He" hopes to spread this matter through us?

The target is the King of Angels, Medici? No, it's more likely to be the True Creator!

Mr. Fool has repeatedly thwarted the plans of the True Creator before, so it should be no exception this time… The term Rose Redemption appeared in the abandoned temple of the True Creator, and it's established by the King of Angels, Medici, and Ouroboros. Clearly, they share a deep connection with the True Creator.

Bansy Harbor only has our Church of Storms, so the person Mr. Fool is really informing is actually me?

Alger vaguely understood something.

Then, he became acutely aware of another problem.

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517: City of Generosity

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

As the crimson glow faded from her eyes, Fors saw the familiar desk and open notebook which she used to jot down her inspirations.

To her, this experience was no longer anything new, but it still evoked reverence from the bottom of her heart.

This was a power that didn't belong to humans, something that even demigods were incapable of!

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518: On the Brink of Death

Editor: Atlas Studios

Without another word or care for Danitz, Klein pressed his top hat and carried his suitcase down the gangway.

Are you really going to let me go? Blazing Danitz stood on the deck, his face filled with suspicion.

Although he had expected such an outcome, with Gehrman Sparrow directly letting him go while in Damir Harbor, making him capable of imagining today's scene, he still couldn't believe it. He felt that everything that befell him came too simply and easily.

Regardless, I'm worth 3,000 pounds. No, this is the bounty offered only by Loen! Isn't this madman, Gehrman Sparrow, an adventurer? How can he let go of a huge amount of wealth in front of him? It's incomprehensible… Heh, it's true that normal people can't understand the mindset of lunatics… Danitz gradually snapped back to his senses. With his luggage in hand, he carefully descended the gangway and stepped onto the concrete ground of the dock.

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519: Naming

Editor: Atlas Studios

The golden liquid was cool and refreshing, making Audrey feel as if she was enjoying a delicious ice cream. She then took a sip of champagne. Tiny bubbles of air continuously rose, silently bursting as they brought a tingling sensation with them.

Suddenly, her sense of hearing reached out, and she could hear the conversation of the two maids at the end of the corridor as they lamented at how they had no chance of going to the Hall family's castle and manor in East Chester County.

At this moment, Audrey felt as if she had dissolved into an illusory gas and was rapidly expanding. It filled the entire room, overlapping with a sea formed from everyone's sea of consciousness.

Her vision also changed. Everything she saw was abnormally smooth, turning into a mirror that reflected her current appearance.

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520: Admiral of Blood

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Hunt them?" Danitz asked subconsciously.

When he truly understood the meaning behind Gehrman Sparrow's words, he instantly became excited. He changed his seating posture and suppressed his voice.

"Is there anything I can help you with?"

As a qualified, part-time pirate, he had nothing to do with beautiful words such as tolerance, compassion, and love. Since he had nearly died at the hands of Steel Maveti and now had the chance to take revenge, he definitely wouldn't miss it!

He believed that he could survive in the pirate industry by relying on an accurate grasp of the situation: knowing when to resist, when to fight for his life, when to feign ignorance when seeing his enemies, and when to settle old scores.

And now, this was an opportunity!

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521: Bold Assumption

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the ocean, pirates had three iconic common interests—liquor, women, and gambling. Alger Wilson merely took out his silver pocket watch, flipped it open, and knew where he should go first.

At quarter past eleven, the brothels and bars hadn't opened. Only the gambling dens would have easily gathered a bunch of people who wanted to make a fortune.

Alger was more familiar with this port city than his tiny hometown. He proceeded without stopping at all while he navigated his way, smoothly turning at every corner until he arrived outside a casino that was located in a secluded alley.

According to what he knew, the owner of this casino was a gang leader with a deep background. He had an inexplicable but indistinct connection with the important figure at the governor-general's office. It was the first choice for many pirates to purchase and sell their stolen goods.

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522: Colony

Editor: Atlas Studios

The quality of sickleback's meat was certainly not as good as that of murloc meat, but the spices synergized to form clear layered flavors which Klein was rather delighted to have tasted. He just couldn't stop himself from eating after the first bite.

Actually, there are some local Beyonders who wish to leave this dangerous circle and lead a normal life. It's completely possible for them to head to Backlund and open a Rorsted-cuisine restaurant, selling grilled fish as their specialty. With the city's acceptance for many things, their business definitely wouldn't be bad. The only problem is that many spices aren't as cheap as they are here. The cost will be very high, and a location has to be chosen to cater to the target group… Klein put down his rather crude chopsticks and wiped his mouth with a napkin, letting his mind wander.

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523: Cooperation

Editor: Atlas Studios

By the time he left 47 Blackhorn Street, Klein had figured out Wendt's general situation.

He had disguised himself as a police officer and learned from Wendt's neighbors.

Symeem Island, the island at the farthest end of the Rorsted Archipelago. From Bayam, it'll take four to five hours to get there by liner, and there are only two trips a day, at 9 a.m. and 10 a.m., respectively. Wendt's parents are long dead and he has no relatives. The only person involved is a girl he just can't forget, Raine. She's the perfect target for my first performance of acting as someone else. But just thinking about how I need to confess on Wendt's behalf, it feels so awkward… If the girl agrees… Damn, how am I supposed to wrap things up… Klein thought with a troubled expression.

He tried to recall the novels he had read and the movies and TV dramas he had watched, hoping for the most perfect solution.

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524: Meeting

Editor: Atlas Studios

5 p.m., Olive Tree Avenue, Pam's Divination Lodge.

Alger Wilson pushed open a brown wooden door with panes of glass situated above it, and he entered the cafe that had a mysticism theme.

He ordered a cup of Fermo coffee from the Paz Valley on the Star Highlands of the Southern Continent. He took out the tarot cards he had bought earlier and placed it beside him. The top card was The Hanged Man, depicting an angel hanging upside down with his hands tied behind his back.

Unlike this morning, he had changed into a dark, classical robe and wore a clergyman's biretta, like a warlock or magician from folklore.

After taking in a silent breath, Alger slowly sipped his coffee. He didn't show any anxiety from waiting.

After about five or six minutes, the thick brown wooden door opened again, and a young man in a black tweed coat and a half top hat came in.

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525: The Calm Squall

Editor: Atlas Studios

Looking up at the wall clock and seeing that it was past eight o'clock, Alger put down his glass mug of alcohol and pushed his way through the drunkards into the street.

As the Rorsted Archipelago was rich in coal, Bayam was like the mainland cities of Backlund and Pritz Harbor. Its streets were lined with tall black lamp posts, and the light of the burning gas effused through the metal grille, illuminating the relatively clean streets.

Alger pulled off his headscarf and slowly turned into a side alley. At a dead-end in the alley, he could smell the scent of urine mixed with alcohol. Although the Amyris Leaf Bar had a bathroom, it clearly wasn't enough for the customers during peak periods. Some of the drunks who couldn't hold it in could only find a secluded place to relieve themselves.

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526: Dream of Eternity

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Rorsted Archipelago was the Loen Kingdom's governing branch in Central Sonia Sea. Similarly, it was a key diocese of the Church of Storms. It had a high-ranking deacon, who was part of the Council of Cardinals, permanently stationed here.

Of course, even a pirate at the level of admiral might not be able to stir such a powerful figure into action, much less when it dealt with a second mate and boatswain. As a result, it was left to Deacon Cordoba Roye who happily accepted the order and led two Mandated Punisher teams to activate Sealed Artifacts 2-37 and 2-166. They lay in ambush at a distance from 15 Amyris Avenue in order to be absolutely safe.

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527: A Quick Battle

Editor: Atlas Studios

Just as he leaped out of the flames, the two points of light in the eyes of Klein, who wore golden gloves on his left hand, enlarged in size and changed from dark to bright, as if they were lightning that suddenly cut across the sky.

After distracting Steel Maveti and company's attention with Paper Figurine Substitutes, he had activated Creeping Hunger and switched to the Interrogator's soul. He planned on using the Psychic Piercing Beyonder power.

"Ah!"

Steel Maveti suddenly cried out miserably. It was as if someone had stabbed a knife into his head, stirring his grayish-white brain. A feeling of pain came from the depths of his soul, instantly occupying his mind.

At the same time, his Beyonder powers erupted from the irritation and turned into a hurricane that spread out in all directions.

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528: Grazing

Editor: Atlas Studios

It was early in the morning, and the sky had just brightened up slightly. Most of the alleys were dark and quiet.

With the aid of Danitz's cloak, Klein blended into the shadows and quickly moved about. He felt as if his surroundings were grayish-black and transparent, with reality being blurred. All sounds seemed to come from the depths of the starry sky, empty and distant.

After staying as far away from Amyris Avenue as possible, he acquired his bearings and "grew" out from the shadows. He appeared in an empty alley filled with broken stones.

Klein's hands shook, throwing Steel Maveti's peacock-blue Flying Carpet out in front of him. He wanted to finish the Grazing before Maveti's Spirit Body began dissipating.

Throwing away the Flying Carpet, he took a step forward, stretched out his left hand, and extended his five fingers, aiming from above at the corpse that was still warm.

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529: Tacitness

Editor: Atlas Studios

48 Acid Lemon Street, outside the Wind of Azure Inn.

Dressed in a thick jacket and pantaloons, Blazing Danitz returned by taking a detour. He clung to the corner of a wall, remaining motionless for a long time. He was hesitating on whether to take the opportunity to run away and not face the terrifying madman, Gehrman Sparrow, again.

Unlike the battle at Bansy Harbor, he was hiding on a rooftop far away this time. It allowed him to take in the entire battle zone. Therefore, while supporting Gehrman Sparrow and battling Blood Brambles Hendry, he finally saw the combat process of the crazy adventurer, finally grasping his Beyonder powers and traits.

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530: Chronicles

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Nightmare appeared by the side of the long bronze table.

He was a man in his thirties with black hair and blue eyes, a long, thin face, and obvious nasolabial folds. He had a beard that wasn't too thick by his mouth and chin.

As the pain and the distortion eased, he pressed his hand to his chest and gave a solemn bow.

Compared to the Faceless from before, the Nightmare was obviously not as muddle-headed and weak after being released. It was unknown if the Evernight pathway's enhancement to one's soul was stronger than that of the Seer pathway, or if it was because the Grazing process had only happened recently.

Klein sighed silently and began asking via spirit channeling, "Why did you die at the hands of Qilangos?"

The corner of the Nightmare's mouth slightly curled up, revealing a bitter smile.

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531: Great Acting

Editor: Atlas Studios

He has some things to ask Captain?

Danitz frowned as he watched Gehrman Sparrow leave the room, unsure what his real motive was.

What is this fellow really after? Money, riches? But he had the time to take away the heads of Steel Maveti and Blood Brambles Hendry to exchange for nearly 10,000 pounds in bounty rewards. Yes, even after paying any commissions, it would still be seven to eight thousand pounds. Yet, he didn't do so. Moreover, he generously shared the spoils of war with me. This is very contradictory. When he first heard that I was Blazing, his first reaction was to call me a 3,000-pound bounty… In Captain's words, this isn't scientific…

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532: Lord "Caucasian"

Editor: Atlas Studios

After changing his face and turning into one of the two main streets, Klein went straight to the green mailbox and took out a letter he had prepared long ago from his pocket.

This was a "death notice" he had forged as an imitation of an official police document. It was sent to the sergeant of the town of Symeem Harbor. It was about the sudden death of the local resident, Wendt, in Bayam.

When deciding to do the acting, Klein had worked out a plan to keep things on track and not cause irreparable damage to the girl, Raine.

His plan was to use the Slumber Charm to camouflage the real acting as a dream, this way, if Raine had no love for Wendt, he expected her to directly reject his confession. After hearing about the other party's death, she wouldn't feel any guilt, and at most some fear. In response to this, she could effectively be placated by going to church to pray and confess.

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533: Mr. 4,200 Pounds

Editor: Atlas Studios

"There is danger in the inn."

Klein softly chanted the divination statement, entered Cogitation, and then flipped a gold coin.

Clang!

A faint but crisp sound echoed in the quiet room. The gold coin tumbled and fell, landing in Klein's palm.

It was tails, indicating a negative response.

No danger… With a frown, Klein looked around and pulled out a bottle of insect-repelling essential oil from his coat on the coat rack.

He sprinkled a circle around him, then he quickly took four steps counterclockwise, entering the gray fog to make a divination for confirmation.

In about ten seconds, he received a revelation—there was still no danger.

Returning to the real world, Klein shook his head; put the gold coin and bottle back; wore his coat, trousers, and boots before sitting at the edge of his bed, leaning back against the pillow as he placed great caution on this turn of events.

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534: A Dream Lesson

Editor: Atlas Studios

Danitz's worries didn't come true. Klein gave him a look and went into the bedroom to rest.

During the five hours he spent on the liner, he had always been in a highly tense state. He had also been alarmed last night and didn't sleep well as a result. At this moment, he couldn't help but feel exhausted.

With a thud, Klein closed the bedroom door.

Phew… He scared me to death! Danitz relaxed and slumped into the reclining chair.

The scene of him turning into gold pounds had surfaced in his mind a moment ago. He found it difficult to stop having these scenes appear one after another in his mind.

After a moment of silence, Danitz, who had been hanging around the bar until dawn, fell asleep again without realizing it. He dreamed that the captain had arrived to save him, but she had failed. Instead, she got caught by Gehrman Sparrow and ended up becoming a maidservant for this crazy adventurer.

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535: Fond of Teaching

Editor: Atlas Studios

Unable to tolerate the situation, Danitz decided to do something about the situation.

He coughed twice and faced Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards and said, "Captain, Mr. Gehrman Sparrow has some questions for you?"

Phew… Klein let out a sigh of relief.

If this stare down continued, he felt as though his persona would collapse.

Edwina gently nodded, looked at Klein, and said, "Mr. Sparrow, have you received an education?"

What kind of question is this? Klein's expression didn't change as he indifferently replied, "University graduate."

Ah? Danitz looked at Gehrman Sparrow in surprise, unable to believe the fact that this crazy adventurer and bounty hunter had actually gone to university and even graduated!

He had no way of putting a university—a hallmark of wisdom—with that of Gehrman Sparrow together!

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536: Local Faith

Editor: Atlas Studios

What? Hunt Admiral of Blood? Danitz almost raised his right hand to his ear.

His first reaction was that he had misheard.

However, Gehrman Sparrow's smile with hidden madness and the slight movement of his captain's eyebrows—an abnormality of hers—reminded him that what was said had really happened!

This… This madman Gehrman Sparrow really is daring! This is one of the seven Pirate Admirals. They aren't people that a character like Steel Maveti can be compared with! Danitz's pupils shrank, his heart on the brink of roaring.

Putting aside the fact that Admiral of Blood Senor's own might, just the pirates underneath him are intimidating enough. His first mate, third mate, and the captains of each ship are all capable of independently leading a large pirate crew!

There are still many of the crew which Steel Maveti had brought to Bayam with him in the Blood pirate crew!

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537: Excessive Spiritual Perception

Editor: Atlas Studios

Behind the door was a bare-chested man with a hideous blue sea serpent tattooed on his arm and short streaks of red paint painted on the sides of his cheeks, chest, and abdomen, each group formed out of three streaks.

Really exotic… However, aren't you afraid of being too conspicuous? Aren't you afraid of being caught by the police while you're outside? You're part of the Resistance that engages in secret operations! Klein was about to retract his gaze when he was almost forced to frown by the man's thick, messy eyebrows and cold-blooded eyes.

He has killed many people… Klein made a rough judgment based on his spiritual intuition.

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538: Dispel

Editor: Atlas Studios

What's happening?

Danitz couldn't believe what he was seeing.

This didn't shock him, but it left him inexplicably terrified. It was like jumping into a bucket filled with ice when drunk, feeling a bone-piercing chill permeate his body from the soles of his feet to his head.

What exactly happened? Why did things become so strange? Danitz took a breath, forcing himself to turn his head, and he chased after Gehrman Sparrow.

He found the crazy adventurer walking faster and faster, to the point where he had to run with small paces to keep up.

Crossing the street and through the alley, Danitz suddenly saw a greenish shadow fall from a tree.

Pa! Its body was covered in scales as it twisted its slippery body and had a triangular head. It extended its scarlet forked tongue and was none other than a rather long venomous snake!

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539: Late-night Operations

Editor: Atlas Studios

"When an outsider picks up that holy sword, God will walk the land again.

"But what happens if the holy sword shatters?"

These two sentences echoed in the minds of Kalat and Edmonton; the matter was completely in the gaps of their knowledge.

For a few seconds, they stared at the shattered holy sword, their expressions dull while they remained speechless.

They couldn't believe that the holy sword, which had only been touched by an outsider in the evening, had suddenly shattered!

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540: Suppression

Editor: Atlas Studios

Even when Emlyn White left the Odora family's underground region, he still found things surreal. He couldn't believe that he could so easily be rewarded with 7,000 pounds.

The acceptance draft was light and weightless in his hand, but he felt the absurdity of reality.

The Hanged Man's method was really effective… Instead of exposing me and punishing me, Lord Nibbs gave me a generous reward. And this was done solely to feign ignorance while encouraging me to make attempts so that he can observe in secret… Are the thoughts of the Sanguine that complicated as well… Emlyn sighed, his mind feeling adrift.

Quickly, he stopped his thoughts from wandering and turned his attention back to the reward of 7,000 pounds.

With this, I can buy that baron's remains from The Hanged Man and concoct it into a potion…

I'll soon become a baron—Sanguine Baron, Lord Emlyn White!

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541: Visitor

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sea King… Upon hearing the name to Jahn Kottman's Sequence, the first thing Klein thought of was the complete honorific name of the Lord of Storms: "The King of the Skies, the Emperor of the Seas, the Lord of Calamity, the God of Storms!"

Sequence 3 is Sea King… Sequence 0 contains the elements of Sea Emperor, so it does match well… I wonder what Sequence 0 of the Storm pathway is called… Klein looked out the window again and saw that, although the weather was still gloomy, the morning sun was up. The sound of the tide had retreated, and the rain had stopped.

He pulled back his thoughts and analyzed the situation from the information that Danitz had revealed.

The potion name is Sea King, which means that the corresponding Sequence 3 demigods, Saints, have to act as a Sea King. And all acting has one premise, which is that one possesses all the powers needed…

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542: Bayam Under Curfew

Editor: Atlas Studios

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow put on his coat and hat and pick up his cane, Danitz recalled that he had apparently been forgotten.

He coughed once, and under the gaze of two pairs of eyes, he said, "D-do I need to follow?"

It's best not to… Who knows what would happen! Before this, we had only stopped at Bansy Harbor, but we ended up encountering a rather strange situation. Last night, I brought Gehrman Sparrow to visit the Resistance's liaison and ended up being involved with the Sea God's curse. Today, if I were to follow this madman to search for Leticia and the other archaeologists, then who knows what would happen? Danitz looked down and glanced down at his left arm which was still tied with a splint. In a matter of days, he felt that he had encountered more events than he had in months or even half a year.

"You can stay here, but someone will be here for the sweep later." Elland laughed.

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543: The Reality That Exceeds Expectations

Editor: Atlas Studios

The target appears to have been found… Klein looked away and made a rough judgment.

As there were no portraits, the dead adventurer's face was burned black, which meant that Elland clearly didn't recognize this as one of their targets. After observing the situation and listening to the creepy laughter for a few seconds, he pointed to the three or four military personnel lying outside the house.

"Drag them back first, then wait for the other teams to arrive before launching our attack.

"Or…"

He hesitated for a moment, then he raised his head to look at the approaching dark-blue airship.

Without another word, and without instructing Klein and Danitz, Elland ran to the unconscious military personnel whose faces were purple.

Tap. Tap. Tap… The closer he got, the weaker his steps became. In the end, his body became stiff and every step he took became extremely difficult.

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544: Expert

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein had just sorted out his thoughts when Elland caught up with the two and said with a smile, "We've found the target; the investigation is over. I'll bring you back to the hotel first, and I'll bring the remuneration in two days. Also, it's best if you don't go out today."

Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow's character by only nodding slightly without giving any verbal response.

On the way back to the Wind of Azure Inn, Danitz clearly had some doubts or wistful thoughts on his mind, but due to the presence of Elland, who was part of the military, he could only change the subject and discuss with great interest about which pirates would end up being caught in the city's thorough sweep today.

To him, they weren't friends as long as those guys didn't belong to the Golden Dream. They weren't worth sympathizing with.

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545: The Enraged Kalvetua

Editor: Atlas Studios

Danitz felt choked, unable to say a word. He quickly stepped aside and watched as Gehrman Sparrow lit the candles, burned some powder, and dripped some extract.

Taking in the smell that pervaded the air, he couldn't help but raise his voice.

"Y-you're using the wrong materials, right?"

He remembered that the Resistance didn't use things like Full Moon Essence Oil, slumber flower, or chamomile when sacrificing to the Sea God.

It's not like you're praying to the Evernight Goddess!

Klein turned his head to look at him, then he returned his gaze to the altar.

"That wouldn't be an issue."

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546: Spirit World

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon returning to the real world, Klein extinguished the candles, put away the remaining items, and carefully checked the situation in the warehouse.

Luckily for him, the whirlpool of seawater created by Kalvetua had completely wiped the area clean, leaving only the subsequent sprays of rain, the blackened patches from the lightning strikes, and sparse piles of ash, as well as the ravines produced by Klein's two feet.

The traces are easy to deal with.I can get Danitz to use his fireball to "wash" the place later, disguising it as an internal strife between pirates… Klein nodded indiscernibly and pulled out one of the few remaining paper figurines. He shook his forearm and flicked his wrist.

The paper figurine flew out and burned on its own before turning into black ash.

After doing all of this, Klein walked towards the door, frowning as he walked.

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547: Priest

Editor: Atlas Studios

The huge eye, which had its blacks and whites clear, appeared translucent. It floated quietly behind saturated, overlapping colors. Klein couldn't tell if it was hostile or friendly.

At this moment, Klein remembered a passage from the Sights in the Spirit World. The ancestor of the Abraham family had said: "Try not to cross eyes with any creatures of the spirit world for more than three seconds unless they have already expressed interest in communicating with you. This is considered provocative behavior. Also, do not let yourself appear terrified and nervous. For some predators, this will increase their desire to attack."

As the words flowed through his mind, Klein retracted his gaze and continued to "chase" after the flying hardwood cane in front of him, at a rather adequate speed.

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548: Trick to Dealing with Large Creatures

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the ruins that was filled with seawater and was half fused with the spirit world, Klein stood at the door of the central hall, wearing full body black armor. Inside was the the gigantic blue serpent's body that was being mutilated for food and the old priest with his bulging stomach.

The latter's skin was a grayish-black, as though it had become dessicated from prolonged exposure to the wind. His eyes flickered with an azure-blue glow as he stared intently at the "guest" who wore a black crown, as though he was considering where he should start his meal from.

Without any hesitation, Klein reached into his body with his right hand and took out a brown translucent bottle.

Then, he stretched out his left palm and quickly unscrewed the lid before casually flinging the Biological Poison Bottle to a corner of the hall.

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549: High Elf

Editor: Atlas Studios

As the layered sounds of the illusory pleas rang in his ears, Klein felt as though he possessed a corporeal body. The deepest part of his head throbbed with pain, so much so that he yearned to slam his head into the wall to alleviate the pain with more pain.

The scenes of different people praying to him made him feel an uncontrollable and abnormally terrifying sense of dizziness. It was as if he was walking the edge of a deep abyss and could fall down at any moment.

It was only because he had his Spirit Body reinforced with the Black Emperor card and Azik's copper whistle, as well as being accustomed to being prayed to, which had prevented him from losing control straight away like other non-demigod Beyonders. They would've already collapsed to the ground in pain, turning into a monster or erupting into a mess of flesh and blood.

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550: The Negative Effects of the Sealed Artifact

Editor: Atlas Studios

After some wrestling with the Sea God Scepter, Klein gained a preliminary understanding of its powers.

It could create tsunamis, create hurricanes, produce torrential rain, and bring forth lightning. It could allow a person to fly in the sky and roam the seabed with almost no restrictions.

It was nearly indestructible and could be used to smash an enemy's head in. It allowed the wielder to never get lost without the existence of any other powerful factors. It would provide an unimaginable level of balance, drive many sea creatures to do one's bidding, respond to prayers from believers, and also allow the wielder to obtain the same kind of strength as a sea monster. It was equivalent to making the wielder the ruler of an entire expanse of the sea.

To Klein, this was already considered at the level of a deity. Even on Earth, he could resist an aircraft carrier formation!

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551: The Ten Commandments

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Second Commandment: Thou shalt not use my name in vain.

"Third Commandment: Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

"Fourth Commandment: Honor thy father, thy mother, and thy children as you love me.

"Fifth Commandment: Thou shalt not commit adultery.

"Sixth Commandment: Thou shalt not kill the innocent.

"Seventh Commandment: Thou shalt not bear false witness, frame, or violate contracts.

"Eighth Commandment: Serve me with your heart, not with your offerings.

"Ninth Commandment: Those who have committed lesser wrongdoings, first atone for your sins before seeking forgiveness.

"Tenth Commandment: Honor my name by helping your compatriots and companions."

One commandment after another echoed in the ears of the bald rebel, Kalat, causing him to completely prostrate himself. He held his head close to the ground, uncontrollably trembling slightly with reverence, fear, and excitement.

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552: Pomp

Editor: Atlas Studios

Danitz threw the splint and bandages into the trash, flexed his left arm, and said, "Typically, a pirate's provocation is an insult, but I'm different. I do targeted insults.

"This requires one to grasp a lot of information and rumors, and also understand the provocation target. Only by doing this will you be able to make him lose his mind and cause his brain to be burnt out with a single sentence."

He paused for a second and said, "Just like with Steel. You can curse him, calling him dogsh*t, or you could curse his parents and captain, but that will be useless. However, if you do an action and throw in a line with that, he will definitely turn into a bull who only sees red."

With that, Danitz put his hands on his hips, held his crotch, and shouted in a low, scornful voice, "B*tch!"

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553: Danitz's Hard Work

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bounty… The muscles in Danitz's cheek twitched as he forced a smile, pretending that he wasn't Blazing and that he didn't care.

When Elland left, he turned sharply to face Gehrman Sparrow and said, "I think we should move to another inn. No, we'd better leave Bayam as soon as possible!"

If I'm worth a bounty of more than 5,000 pounds, I won't be safe anywhere! The pirates and adventurers who are at the same level as me would definitely rush over like sharks smelling blood! Prey that they can finish off while also proving themselves and giving them a high bounty are always very popular. They're worth no less than treasure! Danitz suppressed even more of his inward shouting.

Klein didn't agree or disagree, he slowly smiled.

"Are you worried that your bounty will be too high?"

Danitz nodded heavily, finally feeling as though the madman, Gehrman Sparrow, was finally saying something sensible.

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554: Acting as God

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, inside the palace that looked like a giant's residence.

Seated in The Fool's chair, Klein raised his right hand, allowing the Sea God Scepter to fly out of the junk pile and land in his palm.

He originally planned on placing this Sealed Artifact, that was on the level of a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, beside his chair. This was to show respect to a demigod item, but after careful consideration, he believed that the Sea God Scepter was still unable to match up with the mysterious and powerful Fool, who was able to fight against the True Creator and Primordial Demoness. Only a Card of Blasphemy was barely qualified to match his status. Therefore, he threw the Sea God Scepter into the junk pile.

Looking at the blue dots surrounding the white bone staff, Klein willed them to split into preliminary categories.

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555: The Message Late at Night

Editor: Atlas Studios

East Chester County was still cold in January, with snow often piling up. The branches and leaves of the trees were withered, with beasts hiding themselves, making it appear lifeless.

Audrey led Susie around the ancient tower several times while surrounded by her attendants and maidservants, but they found nothing.

There were only piles of gray bricks and rotten wood, and in the gaps, there were weeds and the corpses of tiny critters.

Audrey had thought she could find some murals on the wreckage of the walls, allowing her to decipher the origins of the ancient tower and use the appearance of wild beasts to secretly practice her Beyonder skills such as Awe, Frenzy, Placate, but she was only left very disappointed.

This isn't a tiny adventure… It's just a stroll on horseback… She pursed her lips, held her whip, and walked to her horse.

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556: Discriminatory Treatment

Editor: Atlas Studios

A question? This strange radio transceiver is a little interesting… Danitz cleared his throat.

"You can ask, but I might not answer."

Hehe, you think I'm the kind of adventurer or archaeologist who ends up killing himself because of curiosity? Danitz thought with both caution and pride.

It took a few seconds for the radio transceiver to produce its clickety-clack again. An illusory piece of white paper was spat out with red words on it: "Do you have a secret crush on your Captain?"

…No! Don't speak nonsense! Who? Who told you that? Danitz's face instantly reddened.

He felt at a loss to have the secret that had been buried deep in his heart for so many years revealed so suddenly. He was embarrassed and ashamed at the same time and subconsciously wanted to deny it.

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557: Planting a Cue on Herself

Editor: Atlas Studios

East Chester County, the Hall Family Manor.

Audrey sat at the dressing table and lit a candle.

Afterwards, she looked at herself in the mirror across from the slightly swaying light of the fire. Her green eyes gradually became deep, making it impossible for anyone who laid eyes on them to shift their eyes away, as if even their souls wished to drown in them.

"Audrey, you have to remain lucid tonight in the dream," she said to herself softly.

This was a simple "psychological cue."

The ancient folk song she had heard at dusk had inspired her to explore her dreams and see if she could enter the sea of subconscious sea and the spiritual skies of all living things.

This was an experiment that other Psychiatrists had never attempted. At least, there was no similar experiences in the reference materials provided by the Psychology Alchemists—giving oneself a psychological cue to explore their own dreams.

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558: Search for Abnormalities

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein didn't answer with "yes" or "no." Instead, he stopped walking towards his bedroom and flatly said, "That was a question."

"Right, right, a question! That was a slanderous question with no basis! Besides, I also gave a negative answer," Danitz responded with delight and had emphasized that he had never admitted to it.

Klein gently nodded his head.

"I will clarify this with your captain."

Clarify… Danitz stared, then he half opened his mouth, his expression twisted.

He was also considered a somewhat knowledgeable person, so he stopped explaining and arguing, and he forced a smile.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

Klein took a deep breath and used his Clown powers to control his facial expression.

"Monitor it well."

"Yes, alright!" Danitz quickly agreed.

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559: Meeting on the Way

Editor: Atlas Studios

With that idea in mind, Klein immediately began making preparations.

It was to explore the spirit world and select a suitable target to become a messenger. After he left the Rorsted Archipelago and its surrounding sea, he could bring the Sea God Scepter along with him to reason with the target and convince them to become his messenger.

Once I find myself lost or in a dangerous situation, I would immediately halt the summoning and return above the gray fog. There's basically no risk… Klein thought for a few seconds, then he locked the door and began the ritual of summoning himself.

At the end of the ritual, he quickly arrived above the gray fog, but he was in no hurry to respond to himself. Instead, he sat down and let the Sea God Scepter fly out from the junk pile and land on his palm.

He intended to scan the prayers of the believers as per routine for anything to respond to.

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560: The Hanged Man Gets Fleeced

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the fog, Klein took out the Black Emperor card that he had fused with his Spirit Body and instantly reverted to his original form.

This is called a one-click gear swap… he mocked himself as he recalled what had just happened.

He was almost certain that the "giant" wearing the sharp crown was King of the Five Seas, Nast Solomon. The hundred-meter-long sailboat that could sail through the spirit world was the ghost ship named Black Emperor, which was built by the ancient Solomon Empire!

I've always thought that a ghost ship simply means that it can sail on its own and wouldn't sink, making it closer to a strange creature. I never thought that the most powerful ghost ship would be able to turn itself incorporeal and wander through the spirit world…

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561: "Recruitment Fair"

Editor: Atlas Studios

That's way too fast… Did it already circle the planet several times… Or maybe it's still there, but it's too fast for my vision to keep up… Klein's mouth twitched, deciding to wait a few seconds to see if the "creature whose speed surpasses imagination" would appear again.

He wasn't worried that the summoned spirit world creature would harm the innocent, as one of the descriptions was of a friendly creature. Besides, as long as he forcefully ended the summoning and stopped the ritual, the creature would be immediately sent back to the spirit world, no matter where the "creature whose speed surpasses imagination" went.

A few seconds later, Klein inhaled after failing to see any response from him waiting. He said with ancient Hermes, "I!

"I end this summoning in my name!"

The chilling air around him instantly vanished as the swirling cold wind died down and the candle flames returned to their normal color.

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562: Helene

Editor: Atlas Studios

Beyonder gathering? Klein thought for a bit, then he nodded and responded, "Okay."

I should bring forward to the collection of the supplementary ingredients of the Marionettist potion. I can also see if I might meet an Artisan… He subconsciously started to make arrangements in his mind.

Upon seeing Gehrman Sparrow agree, Danitz breathed a quiet sigh of relief, unable to contain his joy.

For the past few days, having had his bounty raised significantly, he had obediently stayed in the suite to monitor the radio transceiver. He was so bored that he yearned for the evening to arrive immediately.

The Beyonder gathering that Danitz mentioned was at the Amyris Leaf Bar, where pirates, informants, and adventurers were active. It was the first choice if one wanted to gather information and buy supplies.

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563: The Fool's "Blessing"

Editor: Atlas Studios

"As long as you can confirm her location, you can receive 1,000 pounds! This is the first time I've seen such a mission!" On the street outside the Amyris Leaf Bar, Danitz rubbed his hands together with a hint of excitement. He clenched his fists and hit the tall iron-black gas lamppost, yearning to immediately wander around the city and find the red-haired woman named Helene.

To him, 1,000 pounds wasn't a small sum. It was enough to add one more house to his line of properties in Bayam. It just wouldn't be located in the most prosperous and valuable districts.

The Elf Flying Carpet he had previously obtained was only around two to three thousand pounds, and this was the reward he had gained from fighting dangerous fellows such as Steel Maveti and Blood Brambles Hendry. It was completely incomparable to the easy mission of finding someone.

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564: Knowledge as a Pursuer

Editor: Atlas Studios

As Klein's spirituality made contact, the constantly expanding and contracting crimson "star" presented the images and sounds contained within.

A black-haired woman in a classical robe had fallen to the ground, writhing in pain.

She held an ordinary-looking celestial globe in one hand, and in the other, she held a short scepter that wasn't even the length of a small arm. Her strong will to survive almost broke through the binding of the crimson stars and directly entered Klein's ears.

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565: Eye of Mystery Prying

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the captain's cabin, Cattleya slowly got up from the floor and walked in silence to the full-length mirror next to the bookcase.

In the mirror, the skin on her face was fair and smooth, without a single crack. Her ears were small and normal, showing no signs of expanding. Her deep purple eyes were calm, as if nothing had happened.

However, she could see more with her eyes that carried a sense of mystery.

Hidden beneath her skin were eye-like flesh and blood that hadn't fully dissolved; her Soul Body, whose pain and madness were rapidly dispersing; innumerable illusory objects with ineffable forms that roamed about; sailors who were cleaning the deck several rooms away…

Everything within a range of a few dozen meters was revealed to her in an unobscured but unusually chaotic manner.

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566: The Details of Clothes

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein's lips curled up in a slight nod in response to Miss Justice's pleasant greeting.

He was just about to introduce The Hermit to everyone, and everyone to The Hermit when he noticed that Miss Justice didn't stop. Her gaze shifted to the other side as she greeted, "Good afternoon, Mr. Hanged Man."

This time, she didn't follow the order of the tarot cards but followed the order in which the person joined the Tarot Club.

After this round of greetings, The Hermit will essentially get to know everyone, and there's no need for The Fool to introduce her… Miss Justice is obviously doing it on purpose. She's really considerate. As long as a Beyonder of the Spectator domain gets serious, they act differently for matters like this… Klein was surprised for a moment before he praised her silently.

At the same time, Alger responded to Audrey's greeting while cautiously sizing up the new member.

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567: Source of the Matter

Editor: Atlas Studios

"9th April. I just returned from Countess Wawrinka's masquerade party when I suddenly felt an emptiness in my heart.

"One woman, one woman, one woman after another. The monotonous and mechanical movements, the indistinguishable smell of perfume, and the warmth from the entanglement of their limbs; all these in exchange for a few seconds of pleasure, followed by endless boredom, disgust, emptiness, and numbness.

"What pleasure is there in such a life? Is the meaning of life to just do this every single day?

"I can't go on like this. I have to get out of this sorry state.

"Also, I need to remind myself that I shouldn't habitually write Arabic numerals."

…Emperor, there are actually times when you reflect on yourself and act like a hipster? This doesn't fit with my image of you! Klein almost pricked his brows up.

He looked down at the second entry of the diary.

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568: Subsidiary "Gods"

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the information provided by The Sun, there were detailed examples of some typical subsidiary gods, but most of the information didn't provide their true names, only their titles. These included the Goddess of Beauty and the Goddess of Life who were subsidiaries to Vampire Ancestor, Lilith; the Goddess of Misfortune and the God of the Dead who were subsidiaries to Annihilation Demonic Wolf, Flegrea; the God of Luck and the Queen of Calamity who were subsidiaries to Elf King, Soniathrym, and so on and so forth.

Queen of Calamity… Klein suddenly thought of the Book of Calamity and the golden wine cup he had taken from the ruins of the high elf. The name Cohinem and the word "Calamity" was engraved on it in Elvish.

This caused him to make the connection that Cohinem was the Elf King's subsidiary—Queen of Calamity!

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569: A Straw Will Show Which Way the Wind Blows

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a brief moment of consideration, The Hermit Cattleya made the choice that benefited her the most. She said without betraying her emotions, "I'll make a decision after seeing what the commonly seen monsters are around the City of Silver."

Another person who gains something without risking anything of her own… Are the people who spend too much time at sea good at fleecing others? Or is Little Sun in such a state that makes it impossible to resist fleecing him… Klein instinctively excluded himself from the group of seafarers.

"Alright." Under Justice and company's scrutiny, Derrick didn't hesitate to agree to Ma'am Hermit's request.

He recalled the content and conjured it, recording the most commonly seen monsters around the City of Silver into a list. However, it wasn't as detailed as before, and there were quite a few missing. After all, the Sun pathway's improvement in regards to his memory was rather limited. A few days had passed.

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570: Not Admitting or Denying

Editor: Atlas Studios

Eh, why is she looking at Mr. Fool… Audrey sharply noticed The Hermit's subtle motion. This left her somewhat suspicious.

From her point of view, this was an atypical response. Mr. Hanged Man was clearly mentioning something that had little to do with everyone. He was talking about the so-called Sea God Kalvetua's ability to occasionally reply to its believers despite its apparent death, so why would Ma'am Hermit look towards Mr. Fool?

Kalvetua's death… Occasionally replying to its believers… Ma'am Hermit is looking at Mr. Fool… Could it be… Audrey's eyes lit up as she came to a conclusion.

Could it be that Mr. Fool is the one replying to Kalvetua's believers?

Ma'am Hermit knows about this, so?

As thoughts whizzed through her mind, Audrey had turned her body halfway to look expectantly at Mr. Fool, who was seated leisurely at the end of the long bronze table.

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571: Huge Pressure

Editor: Atlas Studios

Audrey simply mentioned the ancient folk song, but she didn't describe the content in detail. She was afraid that the knowledgeable Ma'am Hermit would be able to guess at the exact location.

She only mentioned the inspiration she had, and how she used a Psychological Cue to retain her lucidity in her dream before beginning a magical journey.

Psychological Cue? She knows how to plant a psychological cue? She's likely a Sequence 7 Psychiatrist… Cattleya habitually made a judgment, but she immediately felt even more perplexed.

Then why would she be buying the Beyonder characteristic of a Psychiatrist?

Taking the same potion gives a limited increase in strength while being prone to losing control. Furthermore, it will be an obstacle towards the digestion of the potion…

To create a mystical item? But this will overlap with her own Beyonder powers. There's no value to that.

To give it to someone else?

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572: Recite My Name

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a series of chores, Klein opened his locked bedroom door and looked into the living room. He saw Danitz sleeping soundly on a reclining chair.

Although he had long heard it, Klein couldn't help but lampoon.

It's not even four in the afternoon!

Has this guy completely let his hair down now that he doesn't need to monitor the radio transceiver?

With a thought, he gradually smiled, feeling that this was exactly what he needed.

The premise of him maintaining his lucidity in dreams had involved someone invading his consciousness. Typically, his dreams were a turbid mess, which meant that he alone wasn't able to complete the experiment. After all, he couldn't plant a psychological cue on himself.

Therefore, he planned on using external forces to enter the dreams of others. This way, he could maintain his lucidity like a Nightmare.

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573: Teaching a Lesson in Reality

Editor: Atlas Studios

In a forest in Blue Mountain Island where the Resistance base was located.

Sitting in a wheelchair, Kalat raised his bald head and looked towards the sunlight that was scattering at the cave's entrance. His eyes couldn't hide his joy.

He acutely sensed that ever since God reappeared over the land and stated "His" ten commandments, the previous bloodshed and chaos had changed. From time to time, "He" would provide them with guidance which was filled with wisdom. Furthermore, "He" would observe all creatures and proactively interfere with the situation at sea in a bid to help the Resistance and everyone in Rorsted, allowing them to pass through a difficult, thorny path while still being able to see some hope.

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574: Fail to Accomplish

Editor: Atlas Studios

Head to Galagos to meet Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards? Klein was taken aback, nearly frowning in the process.

This wasn't something he considered unacceptable, but instead a chance for him to use this face-to-face meeting to ask about matters with trite details that were cumbersome to pen down. It was possible for him to be inspired and gain information for his subsequent advancement and High-Sequence potion formulas.

One more friend, one more channel… Klein silently muttered this sentence before taking out a heavy gold coin. He divined if there was any danger in front of Blazing Danitz.

The shiny gold coin flipped into the air and tumbled down into Klein's palm, tails facing up.

This implied a negative response, which meant that there wasn't much danger meeting Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina in Galagos.

Klein shifted his gaze upwards at Danitz and calmly said, "Okay."

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575: Golden Dream

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon seeing the gigantic black sailboat, Klein's first reaction was fear and wariness. He suspected that the demigod, King of the Five Seas Nast, was here for him.

But he quickly refuted that guess. This was because, apart from using the Black Emperor card in the spirit world, he had nearly never made the Card of Blasphemy appear in the real world ever since he came out to sea. There were only two or three times when they appeared due to a summoning before it quickly entered the spirit world.

With the gray fog's screening abilities and the Card of Blasphemy's anti-divination and anti-prophecy traits, it's impossible for Nast to lock onto me! Klein calmed down as he got up to walk towards the window. Together with Danitz, he looked at the Black Emperor which defied sailboat logic.

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576: Vice Admiral Iceberg's Collector's Room

Editor: Atlas Studios

Is she suspecting something? Klein looked straight into Edwina's eyes without moving them away. Nor did his eyes blink or dodge.

After knowing that Danitz had divulged his sacrificial ritual to Kalvetua before it died, Klein had the necessary preparations. If he wasn't standing on the shipboard and was instead sitting on a sofa, then he definitely would've crossed his right leg and leaned back to give a calm and composed answer.

He smiled as he raised his left hand. He introduced with a calm tone, "This glove of mine is called Creeping Hunger."

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577: Book from More Than 3,000 Years Ago

Editor: Atlas Studios

Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina didn't show any changes in her expression when she heard Gehrman Sparrow say that he needed to consider it. She nodded calmly.

"No hurry."

She seems to feel that I'm unable to make the decision regarding a transaction of this scale and that I need to seek advice from the secret organization backing me… Is this a problem of me not being able to make the decision? This is a problem of not having the money! Klein lampooned and closed Groselle's Travels. He asked in a deep voice, "Do you know who the author is?

"What happened to the people who last possessed this book?"

Edwina walked in front of him and reached out her right hand. She rubbed the cover with her fingertip and said, "The owners from before cannot be identified, as the sinking of the ship has resulted in the relevant information being lost to history. Similarly, we are unable to confirm who the author is. Oh, the book doesn't include the author's name.

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578: "Abduction"

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the Intis embassy of the City of Generosity, Bayam.

Helene sat in front of a dresser, looking at her beautiful yet somewhat frail reflection. She sat there in a daze for several minutes.

Her escape from the Black Death had been filled with anticipation and torment. She was afraid that any tiny mishap would cause her to be discovered by pirates or adventurers, causing her to be caught by Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy once again and making her lose all her freedom. She would then never be able to return to her hometown and return to the life she originally enjoyed.

Only when she used the meager connections left by her family did she manage to hide inside her country's embassy and obtain a ticket to leave the sea, providing her a little relief.

However, this still wasn't enough to make her feel at ease. She believed that everything would only be truly over when she stepped onto the Northern Continent.

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579: Academic Question

Editor: Atlas Studios

As she spoke, Helene's eyes moved up slightly as though she was immersed in her memories.

"Early on, I transported iron and coal from Midseashire to Feynapotter, then I shipped back tobacco, coffee, cocoa, and other native specialties back to Intis. This is a sea route that borders the shore, so it was rather safe. The competition was intense as well. In order to quickly get out of my predicament and save up money, I worked hard to raise my Sequence, hoping that I could trade in the colonies.

"Unfortunately, just as I familiarized myself with the sea route and made some money, I chanced upon Ailment Maiden Tracy, who wasn't Vice Admiral Ailment at the time, in one of her raids during my second trip to West Balam. She only had one ship back then, but she was very powerful. My partner and I resisted with our lives, but all of that was in vain.

"She doesn't have the habit of killing mindlessly. All she did was snatch the goods, as well as myself…"

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580: Wormtongue

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein slowly turned his head and shot a glance at Danitz.

The pirate with a bounty of 5,500 pounds immediately shut his mouth and clamped up. It was as though nothing had happened.

After confirming that Helene boarded the liner without issues, he turned around and walked to the side of the carriage. He pretended to casually ask, "Did you hear the conversation?"

"No, no. A little, just a little…" Danitz shook his head as he gave a hollow chuckle.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "You have to remember; otherwise, it'll be easy for people to see through you."

"See through… me?" Danitz raised his hand and pointed at his nose and said blankly.

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581: Both Getting into Character and Detachment

Editor: Atlas Studios

Only a single Black Death… The other ships are anchored beyond the Rorsted Archipelago's confines because they're afraid of being discovered? This is good news… Klein retracted his gaze and deliberately bit his lip to express his agitation.

After taking a glance at Helene's side profile, Mithor lit a torch and began swinging it to signal to the flagship.

Before long, a dinghy came and took him and the disguised Klein back to the Black Death.

As the dinghy was being hoisted up, Klein boarded another pirate admiral's flagship. Under Mithor's lead, he entered the cabin.

Waiting for them up ahead was a blonde female attendant. She glanced at Helene with a cold stare before pointing sideways to the room.

"Go in."

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582: "Provocation"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Tracy saw two bolts of lightning light up in Helene's beautiful emerald-like eyes as the blinding silver occupied her entire vision.

Her beautifully contoured chin was suddenly lifted as though she was about to let out a tragic scream.

However, she stiffened on the spot, shattering like a mirage. The full-body mirror placed in the room cracked and quickly crumbled, scattering to the floor.

Mirror Substitution Spell!

Tracy's figure, in her pure white shirt, beige trousers, and black leather boots, appeared in the corner where the full-body mirror was located. Before she could catch her breath, she heard heavy footsteps and saw red-haired Helene's dress fluttering to the back as she charged forward like a chariot. The glove she wore on her left hand was pale and gloomy green.

Klein had already switched to a Zombie state. His muscles were taut, and his strength had increased substantially.

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583: Contingency Plan

Editor: Atlas Studios

The ice-cold water instantly inundated Klein, drenching his golden-red dress and making him sink like a rock.

At the same time, Creeping Hunger had already finished eating the pirate, lightening his load.

Klein didn't attempt to float up and had instead continued sinking downwards. He could faintly hear splashing sounds across the distant waves. Apparently, pirates from the Sailor pathway had engaged in pursuit.

This was their home ground!

They could act like fish in such environments for a very long period of time!

Klein wasn't alarmed. As a Magician who never performed unprepared, he had obviously thought of his escape plans if he met with failure. After all, there was nothing guaranteed about such matters.

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584: Scapegoat

Editor: Atlas Studios

After lowering the copper whistle, Klein had already activated his Spirit Vision.

He saw illusory white bones being weakly thrown up from the ground as they slowly formed a gigantic figure. If the past scenes were like a fountain in a fantasy setting, then this was more like the flow from an ordinary reversed tap.

The corners of Klein's mouth moved indiscernibly as he pretended as though he hadn't noticed anything amiss.

After a few seconds, the skeleton messenger finally took form. Its nearly four meters body tore through the ceiling once again as the pitch-black flames in its eye sockets burned silently.

Klein folded the letter he had finished writing and threw it up.

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585: Buying Medicine

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Church of Storms has finally taken action on Bansy Harbor? Klein clenched his fist and placed it to his mouth before coughing. He asked calmly without any qualms, "What happened?"

Elland didn't notice any abnormal reaction from Gehrman Sparrow. He retracted his gaze and surveyed the area.

"I don't know what exactly happened. I only know that it might've involved the upper echelons of the Church of Storms.

"And for a period of time before that, all routes that lead to Bansy Harbor were canceled. This might've been a so-called omen."

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586: Farewell and Reunion

Editor: Atlas Studios

"What? He knows me?" the chubby Apothecary, Darkwill, was alarmed as he whispered back.

The owl's round eyes looked ahead and said, "I noticed that he clearly paused for two seconds the moment he saw you when he came in."

"Perhaps he thinks someone like me doesn't match his image of an Apothecary?" the chubby Apothecary retorted.

The owl spread its wings and landed.

"Suit yourself if you wish to think so."

"…What books have you been reading recently?" The fat on the chubby Apothecary's face trembled.

The owl replied sternly and seriously, "My reading is based on your knowledge standards such as those involving soccer.

"Unfortunately, the words you grasp and can teach me are limited. I have no choice but to read popular novels that have a lower requirement on one's vocabulary.

"Besides, they're all serialized on the newspaper."

Darkwill chuckled.

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587: Confusing

Editor: Atlas Studios

Could it be that that evil spirit is Red Angel Medici, the King of Angels who once served that Creator and was one of the founders of Rose Redemption? Klein instantly generated such a thought and began utilizing backward inference to seek out any traces or clues.

The former holder of the Red Priest card was attracted to the underground palace because of a certain level of attraction and had died beside the Tudor descendants.

The evil spirit I saw in my dream could easily kill a powerful dragon back when it was alive.

It knows the potion formula of the Mutant pathway's Sequence 4 and even more.

It's very aware of matters regarding Rose Redemption.

The orthodox Churches that have existed ever since the Cataclysm don't know that the former Binsy and that the present Bansy has a descendant of the Medici family residing there, but the evil spirit was able to provide the corresponding information.

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588: Old Acquaintance

Editor: Atlas Studios

"It's you?"

Upon hearing this surprised and curious female voice, Klein jumped in fright, imagining that he had been recognized by someone.

He immediately composed himself because he had already changed his appearance to that of the deceased Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos. And inside Qilangos was the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sherlock. And inside Gehrman Sparrow was the identity of the great detective, Sherlock Moriarty. And inside Sherlock Moriarty was the identity of Klein Moretti.

This wasn't the end. Deep within Klein Moretti was Mr. Fool as well as Zhou Mingrui.

There's no reason that she can directly see my true essence. Besides, how can she know of a trivial character like Klein Moretti… Even Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos wouldn't have left the Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's helper surprised! To be specially invited by a Sequence 5 pirate admiral to protect herself and deal with her enemy, the person must be at least a Sequence 4 demigod…

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589: "Sowing Discord"

Editor: Atlas Studios

For an instant, Klein imagined that Tracy would directly attack him, as her face was already flushing red with anger. Her blue eyes had turned dark like the surface of a sea before an impending storm.

But eventually, Tracy didn't act rashly. She looked towards Katarina Pellè and awaited the decision of the Demoness of Unaging.

She knew very well that, although Sequence 5 and Sequence 4 were just separated by one level, there was a qualitative difference between them. There was no way to bridge the gap with one's battle skills or execution. One was a normal human with special powers, while the other was already a demigod, a legendary creature possessing godhood.

Furthermore, the two present were clearly not Sequence 4. Placed before them, Tracy felt like she was a Low-Sequence Beyonder.

Katarina Pellè didn't seem furious. She looked at Klein, who wore the face of Qilangos, and chuckled as her eyes moved across him.

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590: Arrodes's Bottom Line

Editor: Atlas Studios

Early in the morning, above the gray fog.

Klein conjured a pen and paper as he deliberated over the divination statement: "Using the radio transceiver is dangerous."

After carefully checking the statement twice, he took out the spirit pendulum under his left sleeve and began divining.

During this process, he was on high alert and was somewhat afraid. He was like a child covering his ears while lighting firecrackers—if the outcome would involve the True Creator or the Primordial Demoness, then he would encounter danger simply from divining it. If it were any other person, they would only end up losing control or dying. However, Klein had the gray fog to shield him and prevent him from having such a tragic outcome. Hence, it was obvious that anything that happened above the gray fog was better than courting death in the real world. He was afraid that the using it repeatedly would allow the evil gods to lock onto him and personally pay him a visit.

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591: Making Good Use of Things

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein's memories of the paper crane were still fresh on his mind. Back then, Will Auceptin had used this item to locate Dr. Aaron's Astral Projection and injected information into him while he was dreaming of the spirit world in his dreams. It created a revelation that evolved into a specific dream.

Klein later exchanged a paper crane, he had folded himself, for Will Auceptin's and had gone above the gray fog to make a divination. He failed to gain any effective conclusions until Dr. Aaron's wife got pregnant. By calculating the time and from his understanding of the situation between a Sequence 1 and Sequence 0, he guessed that Will Auceptin was performing a cyclic restart, and he guessed that Will was in an intense battle with another Snake of Fate for the position of Sequence 0. And the nightmare that came with the paper crane was only an auxiliary outcome. Its true purpose was to help Will Auceptin secretly become a fetus.

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592: Three Advancements in a Week

Editor: Atlas Studios

What has "me receiving the mission the day before yesterday" have to do with when I find him? If I didn't need to spend a day waiting for the Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, to locate me, I could've done so 24 hours earlier… That's what professionalism is! Klein answered calmly, "You can choose not to hear what I have to say."

Darkwill choked back the words he had prepared as his facial muscles twitched.

"Go ahead and say it."

Klein described flatly, "I received intel that Roy King has been captured by the military and is presently imprisoned in the governor-general's office."

News I received from Arrodes… he added inwardly.

"For real?" Darkwill couldn't hold back again as he widened his eyes and blurted out a retort.

Klein nodded indiscernibly and said, "My information source is sufficiently reliable."

"But I have no way of confirming it…" Darkwill said in hesitation.

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593: Solution

Editor: Atlas Studios

The method for separating a Rampager's mental corruption from a Beyonder characteristic… The Hermit Cattleya shot a glance at The World and guessed that he might've obtained one to two Beyonder characteristics that a Rampager left behind. In addition, one of them likely involved the advancement characteristic for The World or someone close to him.

This was a very easy inference since if one didn't use a Beyonder characteristic as the main ingredient of a potion, the mental corruption of a Rampager in it didn't matter if it was made into a mystical item. At worst, the negative side effects would be extremely strong, making it equivalent to a Sealed Artifact, but that didn't mean that there was no way of using it.

After adjusting his emotions, Klein controlled The World to answer hoarsely, "Write it on a piece of paper and pass it to me."

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594: The World's Commission

Editor: Atlas Studios

Thankfully, The World didn't have the ability to blush red. As long as he wasn't controlled, there was no change to his state.

He chuckled darkly.

"Another few more days."

Audrey nodded with a reserved attitude and didn't rush him. This was because Susie didn't express any desire in advancing anytime soon. After all, she was only a dog.

The Hanged Man, The Moon, and The Sun had just advanced a few days ago, so they were in the stage of converging their spirituality and practicing their new Beyonder powers. They had no desire to purchase the subsequent potion formulas or corresponding Sanguine inheritance. They calmly waited until the transaction phase came to an end.

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595: Domain

Editor: Atlas Studios

Without waiting for The Hermit to answer, Audrey added, "If you believe this is an important piece of information and isn't something to be given for free, then I can provide you with some payment."

"No, there's no need to. Anyone familiar with the Feynapotter's Church of Earth Mother will have some understanding of this." Cattleya didn't doubt Miss Justice's sincerity when it came to the principle of equal exchange. She believed that Miss Justice was fully capable of satisfying her price in terms of wealth and resources, but she decided to provide the information for free.

Firstly, it raised Miss Justice's impression on her and would build a foundation for any future transactions. Secondly, by providing the information, she could observe the reactions of the members and estimate their standing in their own organizations and factions.

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596: Clue

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the majestic palace with stone columns propping it up, Klein sat in a high-back chair as he lightly tapped the corner of the long mottled table. He first eliminated the method of seeking a Sequence 4 Unshadowed from the Sun pathway.

This was because he had almost zero contact with the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun. It was very difficult for him to find help from anyone. Secondly, he suspected that an Unshadowed was unlikely to be capable of cleansing the mental corruption in the All-Black Eye. After all, The Hermit Cattleya's suggestion was directed at remnant influences by an ordinary Rampager, and not the True Creator!

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597: Klein's Plan

Editor: Atlas Studios

Lanevus is likely a Sequence 8 Swindler. This happens to be from the Marauder pathway. It's not incomprehensible or unacceptable that he would have the "admission ticket" to the corresponding gathering. On the contrary, it's very logical… Purchasing a mystical item, which can steal the Beyonder powers of others, at a gathering with the Hermits of Fate is definitely much easier than other circles… From the looks of it, this is the so-called clue Will Auceptin mentioned… Klein sat by the edge of the bed and suddenly brightened up.

He hurriedly set up a ritual to summon himself and went above the gray fog to bring back the eyeball-sized badge to the real world.

On the front of the badge was a symbol that depicted fate and concealment, and behind it was a ring of tiny and compact words in ancient Hermes: "You can join if you have this item."

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598: Windfall

Editor: Atlas Studios

In a corner of the Amyris Leaf Bar.

Elland found a man wearing a coffee-colored jacket, patted him on the shoulder, and laughed.

"Why aren't you drinking Lanti Proof?"

The man was in his thirties, having a rather common face. It was obvious that he had Loen blood running through his veins.

He had brown hair and eyes, with a somewhat high nose bridge. His tipsy appearance instantly vanished as his eyes turned sharp.

He swept a glance at Elland and Klein before his eyes turned turbid again. He said, sounding completely intoxicated, "I've already drunk. I'm drinking Zarhar to lessen the effects of the alcohol."

Zarhar was a locally-produced malt beer. It was cheap and tasted quite good.

Elland chuckled and pointed at Klein.

"Gehrman Sparrow."

Then, he introduced the man to Klein, "Oz Kent. You can call him Kent.

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599: Dragon Might

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bang!

The brass bullet traversed past half the bar, flying straight for Wormtongue Mithor King's body.

But just as it was about to hit him, Mithor's brown eyes suddenly turned dark.

The bullet made a turn, and its trajectory was thrown upwards slightly as it accurately hit a glass cup filled with golden beer.

Amidst a loud noise, the glass instantly shattered, splashing beer everywhere.

At the same time, Mithor grabbed a cup from a customer, extended his arm, and threw it at Klein.

What's the point of that? Klein only dodged slightly to allow the glass cup to miss him, shattering onto the wall.

At this moment, Wormtongue Mithor immediately lunged forward and rolled, heading for the entrance to the basement. He attempted entry in order to get help or escape via a secret path.

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600: Clearing the Place

Editor: Atlas Studios

With Dragon's Might surging out, Strongman Ozil and his subordinates quaked on the spot, as though a gigantic hammer had struck them.

Suddenly, some of them ran in every direction, escaping aimlessly. Some kept going in circles on the spot, while others stood on the spot, trembling uncontrollably. There were all kinds of different reactions.

Unlike previously when he was afraid that Wormtongue Mithor would recover, making it necessary to make every second count, Klein had plenty of time to observe his surroundings at that moment. He instantly grasped the situation.

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601: Scaring Oneself

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, Klein leaned back into his high-back chair and held Creeping Hunger. He remained silent for several seconds.

Finally, he released the Psychiatrist's soul according to the specific steps.

A tall figure quickly appeared by the side of the bronze table. It was a woman whose face looked somewhat blurry. Her pain and distorted feelings was apparent.

Klein looked at her and asked her as though he was chatting with her, "Do you still remember who you are?"

In the mysterious space, he could directly channel her spirit.

The Psychiatrist's enmity reduced substantially as she smiled bitterly.

"Of course I remember.

"I was a member of a secret organization and was planning to meet a friend in Toscarter Island, but I ended up encountering pirates on the way.

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602: Becoming Famous

Editor: Atlas Studios

Darkwill sprawled on the ground, momentarily forgetting to stand up. His mind remained blank.

Ever since he had matured, he had never encountered a scenario of tripping himself. After consuming the potions, his body had experienced enhancements to a certain degree, making it even more impossible. Now, for some baffling reason, he had fallen down in an inexplicable manner.

Did I step on something? Darkwill suddenly snapped to his senses as he struck down with his palm and rolled to his feet. He pretended as though the one who had just fallen wasn't him.

He looked left and right without finding anything odd on the ground. Filled with puzzlement, he took a few difficult steps forward to pick up the milky-white die.

At this moment, a patrolling constable seemed to have sensed the disturbance as he jogged over with baton in hand while holding his other hand down on his revolver.

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603: Conditions

Editor: Atlas Studios

10 p.m. Swordfish Bar.

After waiting an entire afternoon and having not received his bounty, Klein deliberately went out. He went to Oz Kent and received the news that the process had been kickstarted. However, he would only receive the money tomorrow morning.

He disguised himself and participated in a private exchange among the adventurers in the Swordfish Bar, but he didn't find the main ingredients of the Marionettist potion or any mystical items.

After restoring his appearance, Klein pressed down on his hat and attempted to squeeze through the crowd. He left the bar which was in its rowdiest and noisiest time of the day.

At this point, gazes swept past his face as most of them were momentarily taken aback before they clearly froze for two seconds, as though they had recognized something.

Suddenly, they retracted their gaze and retreated far away from Klein like the receding tide.

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604: A Different Enemy

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing the chubby Apothecary's question, Klein smiled inwardly as he wore a stoic expression.

"From the moment you make the first payment."

Darkwill didn't hesitate to take out a huge wad of cash as he counted it while his heart pained for the money.

"Here's 300 pounds.

"You can carry out your promise."

Klein received the notes and nodded.

"That wouldn't be an issue."

Darkwill immediately felt relieved, as though he was a drowning person who had finally caught onto a float.

Half an hour later, in the Teana Inn, Darkwill watched in a daze as the powerful adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, said to the reception counter, "Switch us to a luxurious suite."

With that said, Klein took two steps backward as though giving his spot to the chubby Apothecary.

Darkwill gulped his saliva and asked hesitantly, "I'm paying?"

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605: "Judgment"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Gehrman Sparrow, Darkwill's first reaction was to reveal everything about the strange die. He wanted this adventurer, that he had spent huge sums of money on, to grasp the problem at its root so as to effectively ensure his personal safety.

But on second thought, he recalled his teacher's exhortations. Believing that the die might very well be a rather important Sealed Artifact of the Life School of Thought, he was afraid that the truth would entice him to cause even more negative developments!

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606: Intimidation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, inside the palace that looked like a giant's residence.

Klein tapped the edge of the mottled table as his thoughts revolved around the strange die.

It can influence me without me realizing it… This is already somewhat similar to 0-08 from back then. It's just that one is right in front of me, while the other is hidden… It's definitely a Sealed Artifact, and it's the kind that exists at the very pinnacle. Even if it's not a Grade 0, it has to be a very special existence among Grade 1s…

I'm temporarily unable to interfere with matters regarding fate, but I can't just passively face it. With the passage of time, objects at the level of Sealed Artifacts will often cause more severe damage. It might begin to affect people around the chubby Apothecary, such as me or all the passengers on the ship… Klein thought over the matter seriously without any solutions in mind. He decided to immediately return to the real world.

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607: Discovering an Abnormality

Editor: Atlas Studios

The window of the washroom was very high, preventing sufficient sunlight from shining in. It could only barely dispel the darkness, making everything seem gloomy.

Klein moved the Die of Probability in his right hand to the All-Black Eye, and suddenly, it shook. Then, he threw the item into the other side of the washbasin.

The milky-white die rolled a few times before finally stopping with four red dots pointing up.

Klein held back his unobvious smile and took a step to the side and picked up the Die of Probability again. He lowered his head and said in a gentlemanly manner, "You don't wish to listen to it?

"Let's do this. Give me an answer. 6 represents cooperation, while everything else represents a rejection."

With that said, he threw the Die of Probability up and reached out to catch it.

The milky white die fell straight down and rapidly rolled, showing six red dots!

"Very good," Klein praised with a chuckle.

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608: Professional

Editor: Atlas Studios

The endless gray fog hung silently before a light scraping noise on the bronze table sounded.

Klein changed his seating posture and began placing more weight on the details regarding the evil spirit. He was more and more convinced that Miss Sharron and himself had neglected the possibility of something happening to Rafter Pound.

This is a Beyonder power of the Red Priest pathway, Conspirer?

Furthermore, this is even closer to a common fraud. There's only the use of supernatural powers in the details. Therefore, even if I had arrived at the mysterious space above the gray fog, I would passively have my senses fooled. I would've only discovered the problem by proactively considering and analyzing the situation?

If it wasn't for Mr. Azik, who knew of the evil spirit suspected to be the dead Red Angel Medici, I wouldn't have realized this problem. Nor would I have hired Miss Magician to seek out any abnormalities on Williams Street…

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609: Paying a Visit

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amidst the clacking sounds, the radio transceiver spewed out a brand new piece of illusory white paper under the crimson moonlight in the dim environment.

"Inside Leonard Mitchell resides an angel from the Zoroast family. 'He' once changed my question."

Angel? There's an angel residing in Leonard's body? An angel from the Fourth Epoch's Zoroast family? Although Klein was mentally prepared to hear an incredible secret, he was still shocked by what Arrodes divulged.

He was deeply concerned and surprised as well.

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610: Throwing the Die

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Leonard Mitchell's invitation, Emlyn didn't show any fear. He held his top hat and wore a subtle smile before entering the house without any qualms.

He didn't take off his coat, as a Potions Professor often brought several supplementary items. It wouldn't look pleasant once the concealment of these items was gone.

Emlyn sat down with his starched tailcoat, leaning back into the support as he leisurely said, "Actually, there's no need to go through the trouble.

"If you have it, name the price; otherwise, just frankly say so.

"Of course, I'm very certain you have one."

He chuckled as his bright red eyes reflected Leonard Mitchell's figure that didn't mind the tidiness of his getup.

The feeling of "me knowing you have a secret, with you not knowing anything about me" left Emlyn extremely pleased as he felt a strong sense of superiority.

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611: Fate Councilor

Editor: Atlas Studios

Oravi was situated northeast of the Rorsted Archipelago. The straight-line distance wasn't too great, but the safe sea route had required ships to take many twists and turns, causing the distance traveled to increase by several hundred nautical miles.

It was originally a primitive island that harbored many kinds of Beyonder creatures without any humans inhabiting it. After the hunting era came to an end, the Loen Kingdom banished certain criminals there, causing Oravi Island to gradually have villagers and towns.

When more eastern islands were discovered and colonized, the area attracted many new immigrants due to the convenience of the sea route and its rich natural resources, making it a rather thriving port city.

The light from the lighthouse tower appeared so warm in the dark environment as it led liners towards the harbor for them to dock.

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612: In Hand

Editor: Atlas Studios

The two street lamps on either side of the stone bridge silently illuminated the street, but they were unable to disperse the darkness beneath. Only the crimson moonlight from high above could barely illuminate the brown soil.

Hidden under the bridge, Fate Councilor Ricciardo remained silent for quite a while, making Klein suspect whether he had already passed away due to his heavy injuries. He guessed that a large reason as to why the luck augmentation had failed was because of this.

Just as Klein was about to ask a probing question to determine the situation, Ricciardo coughed and said in a deep, hoarse voice, "You live up to the reputation of being a powerful adventurer capable of temporarily sealing the die…

"What happened has exceeded my expectations. Ahem, I'm very curious as to why my luck augmentation on you had failed.

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613: Leonard's Investigation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Loen Kingdom, East Chester County, Stoen City.

Having left the manor, Audrey moved into a villa. After she finished engaging in social gatherings with the local nobles, she sent her servant to the Varvat Bank to withdraw a sum of cash.

She didn't need to worry about this any further. She could easily pay off the 2,000 pounds she owed Mr. Fool's Blessed, and she could also pay the 1,800 pounds she owed Mr. World for the Psychiatrist characteristic.

Fifteen minutes later, Audrey opened the room to her bedroom and glanced at her personal maidservant, Annie, who was monitoring the servants while they did their work. She looked down at the golden retriever who was sitting by the side of the wall and smiled. With a smile, she suppressed her voice and asked with shining eyes, "Susie, you'll receive a gift in a while. Are you looking forward to it?"

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614: Adventurer Association

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein sat in front of the bar counter and slammed his fist onto the counter.

"One glass of Southville beer."

Behind him, a few bouncers hesitated about whether to come over to give him a warning or pretend that no one had fired a shot.

The bartender signaled to the bouncers with his eyes as he picked up a glass and chuckled.

"Why don't you try a cup of Sweet Lemon?

"Our boss once went to Trier to learn cocktail mixing. He has mastered many of the cocktail recipes left behind by Emperor Roselle, and he has created the most popular Sweet lemon in Oravi on his own."

Klein wasn't moved as he calmly replied, "I only drink beer."

"Alright." the bartender wasn't in a rush to get the bottle of Southville beer as he said with a smile, "Sir, are you an adventurer?"

Klein nodded without saying an answer.

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615: Grayish-white Fog

Editor: Atlas Studios

While Miss Justice was doing the greetings, The Hermit Cattleya maintained her silence as she observed as she did before. She didn't involve herself in matters, as though she was an outsider at this gathering.

She watched as Miss Justice and Miss Magician conjured their Roselle diary pages to pay off their previous debts. Then, she carefully glanced at Mr. Fool without daring to look straight at him. Yet, she still wasn't able to see further through the special gray fog. Her dark purple eyes were only capable of seeing clothes that were definitely conjured.

With the three pages of Roselle's diary, Klein wasn't in a rush to read it like before. After all, he had already interacted and used a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact and knew what a Uniqueness of a Beyonder pathway looked like. He had even intimidated such a divine artifact, so he believed that regardless of Emperor Roselle's content, there was nothing that could shock him greatly.

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616: Silver Lining

Editor: Atlas Studios

What do I need? Cattleya silently chuckled, having sensed that The Hanged Man was probing her with a very ordinary question.

Any needs meant clues!

Ignoring the fact that I've already obtained the potion formula for Sequence 4 Mysticologist of the Mystery Pryer pathway, and accumulating points for one of the main ingredients, even without anything, I have no lack of corresponding resource channels, and far more than one… Cattleya had another thought as she recalled the Sea God Scepter which Mr. Fool wielded. She then smiled and said, "I need a mystical item at the demigod level. The kind with acceptable side effects."

At that instant, Alger nearly retorted, asking her not to crack a joke.

Even in the Church of Storms, one wasn't necessarily capable of obtaining a similar item for years, much less a Beyonder who was obviously only a Mid-Sequence Beyonder!

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617: The Mysterious Adam

Editor: Atlas Studios

The son of the Creator? Alger was stunned by The Hermit's description as he couldn't help but twitch his brows.

However, he didn't directly inquire further because this could very likely expose certain matters. Besides, he was very confident that there would be other members asking.

"The son of the Creator?" Fors asked with piqued interest.

She never expected that Amon had such a shocking identity, aside from the titles like Blasphemer and King of Angels. She was filled with curiosity over this.

Cattleya swept her a look and said without a change in tone, "Legend has it that back when the original Creator split into the various deities and races, 'His' body produced two babies. One of them was Blasphemer Amon."

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618: Volunteer Work

Editor: Atlas Studios

Second floor of the Sweet Lemon Bar, in the boss's room.

Bilt Brando held a cigar as he stood by the window. He was looking out, and his eyes were out of focus as he wore a dark and terrifying expression.

At this moment, a bodyguard entered, bent his back slightly, and carefully said, "Sir, Sothoth has returned from the east."

"Let him in." Bilt tried hard to correct his expression.

Sothoth Yann was his assistant, an important member of the Adventurer Association.

In less than a minute, Sothoth, who was dressed in a linen shirt, brown jacket, and red headscarf, walked in. He looked to be in his thirties and had bronze skin. He had recessed eye sockets and a black mustache below and under his lips. He was obviously someone who spent most of his time at sea.

Sothoth bowed rather informally and sized up Bilt Brando.

"Boss, something happened?"

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619: Unable to Speak

Editor: Atlas Studios

Oravi Hospice Foundation.

The lady responsible for volunteer registration hurriedly bent her back as she frantically searched for the fountain pen which had dropped. At this moment, Klein also noticed that she was reading a News Report paper from a few days ago. It was back when his portrait and escapades were published.

This area subscribes to newspapers from the Rorsted Archipelago as well? From the time it takes to sail between the places, it's true that they can only read news from three to four days ago… If I had known earlier, I would've worn a new face and thought of a fake name before coming… Klein stood in front of the desk as he thought helplessly.

The lady in her thirties finally picked up the fountain pen, raised her head, and said with a trembling voice, "Y-you want to do volunteer work?"

"Yes," Klein gave an affirmative answer.

"B-but you're an adventurer," the mortified lady stammered for an excuse.

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620: Stand-in Mission

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the room, Sothoth pressed down on the edges of his eyes when he heard Bilt's sigh. He said in a deep voice, "Boss, that important figure will arrive the day after tomorrow."

Bilt's expression turned serious as he looked back.

"I know."

"We only have two choices. First, we ignore whether Gehrman Sparrow is worth trusting, and we entrust him with the mission. We can only hope for the best outcome. Second, we immediately abandon our business in Oravi, leaving with our cash and jewelry to become pirates at sea. I have the confidence to make most sailors and adventurers on the Pirate Hunter follow us." Sothoth paused before adding, "Boss, back when you were an adventurer, leading our ship and hunting pirates, you were always this decisive and tenacious. I believe you have already made your decision. There's no need for me to do anything else."

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621: Governor-general's Office Banquet

Editor: Atlas Studios

Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt… A true demigod… Upon hearing Bilt's reveal, a few words immediately appeared in Klein's mind.

I'm sorry. Bye!

Gehrman Sparrow pricked up his brows slightly as Bilt hurried to explain, "This wouldn't influence the difficulty of the mission.

"There's no need for anyone to display a demigod's powers throughout the duration of the mission."

He cleared his throat and forced a smile.

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622: Temporary Contract

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Amyrius Rieveldt's descriptive words which weren't a question, Bilt's forehead instantly broke out into a cold sweat.

He turned agape, hoping to explain himself, but finally, he plopped to his knees and said under the indescribable pressure, "Admiral, Your Excellency, the tramp from before suddenly died of an illness. I had no choice but to find an adventurer who can shapeshift."

At this moment in time, Klein wasn't too nervous. This was because Amyrius Rieveldt had already noticed him during the banquet. There was no reason for him to only recognize him as a Beyonder only now. For him to agree to their meeting and not directly avoid the risk meant that he didn't mind who Bilt had hired.

Not worried at all? This is the confidence of a demigod; otherwise, his Beyonder pathway is able to avert disaster ahead of time… Klein raised his head with great difficulty as he cast his gaze towards the navy admiral beside him.

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623: First Night

Editor: Atlas Studios

As he touched the Ninth Law charm in his pocket, Klein adjusted his height and details regarding his appearance, making him look identical to Amyrius Rieveldt.

He walked out from the sundry room by using another door and walked down a silent corridor, back into the governor-general's office.

On the way, waiters and maidservants would occasionally pass by him, but no one dared to look straight at him. Just catching sight of his admiral uniform would have them scurrying to the sides as they bowed with their heads lowered.

Any person of the same height could probably find his way into the banquet hall when donning these clothes… I have to say, acting as an important figure can be easier than acting like an ordinary person… Klein continued looking straight as he maintained his somber attitude. He walked towards a path paved with black brick in an unhurried fashion.

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624: Warning

Editor: Atlas Studios

The bathroom was partitioned inside. The emanating steam covered the entire bathtub.

Apart from his head, Klein's entire body was soaked in the hot water. He lay there in such great comfort that he didn't even wish to move his toes.

What a beautiful night… If only there was no Cynthia outside. I still have to deal with her later… Klein sighed as he considered what excuse to use to avoid being intimate with her.

In accordance with Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt's traits, he decided to first use work as an excuse. After that would be the excuse of him not feeling well, him losing the ability to have sex, him needing some time to digest any medicine he had just taken, and how he had suddenly realized his true sexual orientation, making him find curly-haired baboons extremely attractive.

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625: Successful First Day

Editor: Atlas Studios

Phew. What exactly are Amyrius and Aston Rieveldt scheming about? To attract a warning from the Twilight Hermit Order… Unless it can truly change the times and influence the direction of history, this ancient and secretive organization wouldn't even show itself or reveal its identity… Klein stood by the side of a magnificent castle in his dream, thoughtfully watching the spot where the blurry figure had disappeared from.

Amidst his thoughts, he suddenly snapped awake and was no longer as certain about his theory.

The ploy which Admiral Amyrius and his brother are planning might not really influence the trends of the times!

Although the Twilight Hermit Order only involves itself in important matters, as a leader of another secret organization, Klein clearly knew that apart from carrying out the organization's own mission and values, it also provided help among members.

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626: Amyrius's Decision

Editor: Atlas Studios

Looking at the lights emanating out from the villa in the darkness, Klein spent several seconds mentally preparing himself before alighting the carriage. He followed the three-layered staircase and came to the door, where the admiral's bodyguards and servants were lined up at the sides, before stepping in.

Seeing Cynthia wearing conservative home clothes due to the existence of others, Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief as he maintained his stoic expression and slowly walked over.

Cynthia's smile became more and more brilliant as she shifted the strands of her hair to the back of her ear, revealing her fair and slender neck. Her neckline didn't have any marks left behind by a necklace.

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627: Late into the Night

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cynthia could vaguely sense the deep pain and helplessness inside Admiral Amyrius's heart. Without speaking further, she hugged him tightly and used her company to calm his mood.

After a simple dinner, Klein took a hot bath and entered the quietest guest room once again. He got into bed and stared at the ceiling in a daze.

Klein knew that with him having fully immersed himself in the "character" of Admiral Amyrius, Amyrius's helplessness towards fate and the pain he needed to hide had resonated with his past experiences.

If I hadn't figured out the concept of getting into character and being detached, then I might've lost myself… Heh heh, this is like some actors in my past life. They get too into character and are unable to detach themselves from it, causing them to suffer from mental problems… And to a Beyonder, mental problems might end up magnified… As Klein wallowed in his gloom, he got to learn what kind of person he was.

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628: Prohibition

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon seeing Cynthia's huge fair body with tree warts and flowers growing on it as though she was a tree, as well as hearing her shy, reluctant request, Klein couldn't help but shudder as his hair stood on end.

Such a scene exceeded a horror conceivable by human imagination. He had never encountered something like this even in his dreams.

If he were himself back when facing Megose in Tingen, Klein definitely would've been affected by such a scene. He would've temporarily lost his ability to react due to the horror and panic, but after experiencing so much, he was an experienced Beyonder in the true sense of the word. In the moment that Cynthia's words entered his ears, the glove on his left hand had already changed colors.

It had turned black, emitting a noble and sinister feeling. This meant that Klein had activated Creeping Hunger and had switched to Wormtongue Mithor's soul, giving him the powers of a Baron of Corruption!

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629: Naturism Sect

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amidst the holy beam of light, having already lost its support from the external power, the tree warts and flesh rapidly disintegrated. It was like snow meeting a red-hot metal ball.

Amidst an indescribable sizzling sound, Cynthia's face winced as abnormal agony showed itself on her face.

She turned around with great difficulty, looking up and down, her expression turning horrified and confused. Finally, she realized that there was a problem with her.

"Admiral…" Her voice trembled as she looked ahead with fear and despair, but all she could find was an unfamiliar face.

Klein could've fed Creeping Hunger with Cynthia's remnant flesh and Spirit Body, but at that moment, he sighed and said with a calm voice, "Try not to make contact with strange artifacts or religions in the future."

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630: Timeline

Editor: Atlas Studios

The leader of the Naturism Sect was named Flight Ken, a man in his thirties. His thin face had brown whiskers, and there were evil-looking tattoos on his neck.

He was brought in front of Klein by Luan. He looked ragged, as though he had suffered the most severe mental torture.

"Your Excellency, while he was being captured, he kept exchanging his intelligence for strength, and he's on the brink of a mental collapse…" Luan reported the facts, ignoring the possibility that Admiral Amyrius could tell the exact details.

That's perfect… Klein had been previously worried that, as a Lunatic, Flight Ken would refuse to answer his questions while under the mental pressure. That way, he had to take the risk of being suspected of dismissing his subordinates and attempting a spirit channeling.

As he looked coldly at Flight Ken, Klein's left hand wore a golden luster under the cover of the desk.

He had switched Creeping Hunger to the Interrogator's soul!

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631: Three Days of Absence

Editor: Atlas Studios

Don't tell me that this matter was targeted at me? Klein was alarmed as he immediately became abnormally awake.

As a person who had several similar experiences, he had quite a persecution complex.

It really is possible… The Mother Tree of Desire used a dream to send Flight Ken a revelation just as I arrived at Oravi Island and began an entire series of plans. The first day I met Bilt Brando was the day the Naturism Sect held the ritual to make the tramp stand-in die from gluttony…

If they were targeting Admiral Amyrius, the plan needed to ensure that there was no lack of a stand-in, and that he couldn't find an additional helper or other means to conceal his departure. But clearly, this is something that cannot be confirmed. My involvement is proof…

If the target was me, then the previous problem is explained. Klein used his Clown powers to control his facial expression as he gloomily looked at Flight Ken.

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632: Finishing Up

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a frozen moment of silence, Amyrius quickly brought his expressions under control. He said in a domineering and deep tone, "Tell me the specifics."

Klein didn't hide much of the truth. He began with Aston Rieveldt's question, before mentioning the warning from the mysterious person in the dream, and how he was told not to make a choice that resisted the trend of the times. Following that, he talked about the sudden telegram, and finally he spoke of Cynthia's mutation. He went into detail about the situation, the arrogance of the secretary, how he dealt with it, and the general investigations that followed.

The only information he kept to himself was that the 4th February was the first day he arrived on Oravi Island, as well as his subsequent guesses.

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633: Two Types of Parasitizing

Editor: Atlas Studios

After leaving the Sweet Lemon Bar, Klein directly returned to his inn.

Just as he was packing his luggage, the gigantic skeleton messenger appeared suddenly.

It originally wanted to pat Klein on the shoulder, but it failed due to its nearly four-meter-tall body with its head penetrating through the ceiling. All it could do was throw the letter ahead before collapsing into nothingness.

Mr. Azik has finally replied. It has almost been a week… Has the messenger been changed? It looks like the original one and would make the corresponding warning… Klein caught the letter and unfolded it.

"I'm very sorry that I'm only replying to you today.

"Perhaps it's because the memories I've recovered has exceeded the limits of my body. I had to spend several days in a deep sleep to adapt to it.

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634: City of White

Editor: Atlas Studios

Stoen University… Professor Michele… Notebook from the Twenty Year War era… Audrey extracted the key terms in the words and glanced at Susie, who was running happily in front of the mare. She went straight to the point by asking, "Ma'am Smine, what kind of notebook is it?"

"I'm not sure. All I know is that it belongs to the period of the Twenty Year War. It's part of Associate Professor Michele's collection. It has an important characteristic—the patterns on the cover faintly forms a dragon." Smine didn't hide it from Audrey as she told her all the information she knew.

Audrey, who silently listened to her descriptions, restrained her burgundy mare as she considered how she could complete the mission.

Visit Associate Professor Michele and view his collections before raising a request to buy one of the items isn't too difficult.

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635: Meeting

Editor: Atlas Studios

The smell of canned wolf-fish is really pungent… Not only is it smelly, but it's also disgusting… It's practically a biological weapon! Klein crouched in the corner and took nearly a minute to recover.

Before that very instant, he had underestimated canned wolf-fish. He had failed to take the necessary actions to deal with the situation. He could've used Paper Figurine Substitutes or create an invisible air tube to pretend that he was using Underwater Breathing, but he had done none of that.

Now, he finally got a deep understanding of how wise it was to ban opening canned wolf-fish in public!

Phew… Klein exhaled as he slowly stood up. Carrying his suitcase, he slowly walked towards the harbor.

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636: Slaughterer

Editor: Atlas Studios

Admiral of Stars Cattleya thought before answering, "Tonight at 8. Dock 6."

Not bad. There's no delay at all… Klein nodded slightly.

"Okay."

Just as he said that, the light inside the crystal ball suddenly converged as the figure dressed in a black, classic robe darkened and blurred before quickly vanishing.

Holding the crystal ball which had turned very ordinary, Klein turned around, pulled open the door, and walked out.

Glancing at the boss who was guzzling alcohol while leaning against a wall, he threw the crystal ball at him.

The boss fumbled to catch it as Klein unhurriedly walked down the stairs and left the warehouse.

Once he was out of Hot Whale Dance, he took out his golden pocket watch and snapped it open to check the time.

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637: The Future

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Are you done with your preparations?" Colin had his back to the window as he asked without any abnormality in his tone.

With the Axe of Hurricane attached to him, Derrick lowered his head slightly.

"I'm done."

In the past two months, through the patrol missions and arduous practice, he had fully mastered the various Beyonder powers of Solar High Priest. He was already not too far from digesting the potion.

What he wished for the most was to obtain the Sun pathway's Sequence 6 potion formula in the next two to three Tarot Gatherings, so as to ensure his continual advancement.

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638: Poison Expert

Editor: Atlas Studios

While Klein bowed, the purple tint in black-haired Cattleya's eyes converged as they seemed to turn into an abyss that could suck up souls. What already exuded an air of mystery had turned even more obvious.

She saw that the Astral Projection deep inside Gehrman Sparrow's Ether Body was pure darkness. In minute areas, there were dark flows with unending changes.

She saw that Gehrman Sparrow's left hand was bright and lustrous, but it was stained with a sanguine color that couldn't be dispersed.

She saw a blue luster by Gehrman Sparrow's wrist and a silver flow on his left pocket. The colors were bright and obvious as though they were connected to the illusory, stacked spirit world. There was the sound of the tide and the illusory sounds of wind surrounding the items.

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639: Name List

Editor: Atlas Studios

There was no reason for Klein to decline Cattleya's request. He thought for two seconds and said, "700 pounds.

"Very fair." Cattleya didn't haggle.

Sequence 8 Beyonder characteristics typically cost 600 to 700 pounds, but there was often a premium if someone was in desperate need for it. After all, such items seldom appeared at Beyonder gatherings.

Klein didn't immediately complete the transaction. He raised his suitcase and said without a change in expression, "I'll give it to you tomorrow."

He didn't bring the Pugilist Beyonder characteristic with him, as most items of value had been thrown above the gray fog.

Cattleya wasn't surprised by Gehrman Sparrow's response. She nodded.

"That wouldn't be an issue."

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640: Female Pirate

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein had a certain degree of curiosity towards the outcome of the exploration. He didn't ask further as he walked past the captain's cabin and walked down the stairwell.

After a few seconds, he felt his throat itch. He couldn't help but raise his fist to his mouth and cough.

Klein wasn't surprised by such a development, as it was inevitable. He had carried the Biological Poison Bottle for more than two hours last night. Only when it was late at night and his confirmation that Admiral of Stars and crew didn't have any intention of attacking him did he move the mystical item into a black suitcase. Sadly, he ended up falling sick.

Of course, the amount of time he brought the Biological Poison Bottle with him wasn't considered long. His body wasn't in a weakened state, so his resulting illness wasn't anything serious. He just felt his tonsils swell in pain.

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641: A Well Mouth That Humans Can't Pass

Editor: Atlas Studios

Nina was a pirate who had risen up the ranks. Often, she might be easily irritated, but she was very experienced at handling matters. She was a rather reliable person. After some thought, she gave a description in a serious manner.

"The well's mouth is at a rather deep depth along the seabed. I need enough time to adjust myself before I can acclimatize to the temperature and pressure of the area. That's why I took so much time to get there.

"It isn't easily discovered, but the remnant steel buildings are indeed rather obvious. I found them once I got acclimatized.

"They've already completely collapsed or rotted. There's no way to imagine what they originally looked like. However, I could tell that they definitely spanned across a great distance in the past. It's just shrunken by a great deal now."

When Nina said this, she chuckled and scanned all the men around her.

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642: Killing Three Birds With One Stone

Editor: Atlas Studios

A knight who knows Dragonese and even used it in the critical stage of his growth… It's no wonder that the Psychology Alchemists wish to obtain the notebook he left behind… Audrey was enlightened as she stopped her wandering thoughts. She happily and seriously discussed the problem that stemmed from such grammatical habits with Michele Deuth.

Soon, they concluded the discussion over the notebook as Michele began introducing the other items.

Time passed as the tour slowly came to an end. Audrey had planned on raising her request of purchasing the notebook to their next meeting in order to make her goal less obvious. However, in a friendly atmosphere and with the naturalness of their conversation, she sharply sensed that it was an opportunity. Hence, with the powers of Lie, she made her cheeks blush red.

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643: Klein's Version of "Magic Mirror Divination"

Editor: Atlas Studios

With the curtains drawn tightly and all the lights extinguished in the room, Audrey followed the requirements of magic mirror divination and completed the corresponding preparations.

Of course, she didn't specially choose a specific time, as there wasn't any need to be that troublesome when getting Mr. Fool's help.

Looking at the candles and reflected light in front of her, as well as her reflection, Audrey picked up a bottle of extract in excitement and some unease. She then dripped a few droplets onto the dim flame.

As the mild and refreshing fragrances filled her nose, for some baffling reason, Audrey recalled the times when she was still a mysticism enthusiast.

In the beginning, she would also commit all kinds of mistakes. She would realize that she had forgotten to prepare the essential oils and extracts that would please the deity at a critical moment during the ritual. All she could do was make do with perfume, and her attempts no doubt failed.

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644: Laughter

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein couldn't go against his own wishes to console Frank Lee, nor could he bring himself to tell Frank Lee that not being able to breed red wine fish was a good thing. All he could do was pretend that this was a trivial problem and not provide a response.

He walked two steps diagonally and circled around the starboard before looking far into the undulating sea.

By then, the clouds high in the sky had thinned. The crimson moon's moonlight brightened up the rather dark night.

In such an environment, Klein could see the nearby scenery. There were dark clouds that hung low, and he discovered a hurricane swishing back and forth, encompassing an unknown swath of sea.

Under the illumination of the silver lightning, fine rain danced amidst the wind, forming a scene that resembled the dawn of the apocalypse.

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645: Calming Method

Editor: Atlas Studios

Following the complete disappearance of the surrounding astral glow, Cattleya lowered her head and said to Frank Lee who was slowly recovering, "Let them calm down."

She was referring to the sailors who were still struggling in pain.

Just as she said that, Cattleya shrunk her body back as the windows closed.

At that instant, Klein vaguely saw a green vine grow upwards, covering the Admiral of Stars in layers.

As he didn't sense any danger or wickedness, he intuitively believed that it was a method in mysticism which Ma'am Hermit used to treat her injuries and recover her energy.

A power of her Beyonder pathway? Or is it from some mystical item she possesses? She began treatment without any worry and allowed Frank to deal with the chaos on the ship. She's not afraid that the Death Announcer would be able to chase up to us? How far did the Future "fly" in that last pounce? Klein no longer held his neck up as he turned to look at Frank Lee.

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646: Leymano's Spellbook

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, outside the steam locomotive station.

Fors wore a finely checkered black veiled hat with embedded blue flowers and stood by the hall at the station's entrance, awaiting her teacher, Dorian Gray.

The drizzle on the streets and the cold winds blowing underground had made this female author tremble slightly. She felt that she had underestimated Backlund's spring.

I wonder what Xio is doing that makes her busy all year round. Sigh, she said that she wouldn't even get out of bed when her father was still alive. Apart from going to the bathroom, both food and water would be served to her by her servants. Now, she's leaving early in the morning every day and only returning late at night regardless of the weather. She has completed one mission after another, capturing one fugitive after another. With this in mind, Fors couldn't help but admire Xio.

Last week, this female Sheriff had already paid off her debt and had even saved up 200 pounds!

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647: Sea of Ruins

Editor: Atlas Studios

Although Gehrman Sparrow didn't show it on his face, Cattleya seemed to notice the surprise in him. She simply explained, "It's a kind of flight that makes it impossible for the Death Announcer to continue its pursuit."

Just as she said that, she discovered that Gehrman Sparrow had completely changed his attire. He wore a round neck shirt, a brown jacket, pantaloons with a dark-colored cap. He didn't look like an adventurer and instead resembled a native of the City of Generosity, Bayam.

According to Nina, his clothes were drenched by a huge wave last night… Does he only have one set of decent clothes? Cattleya recalled and found the reason.

She wasn't surprised by this. She even felt that it matched Gehrman Sparrow's insanity. He only had one set of decent clothes, spending the rest of his money on mystical items, Beyonder weapons, spirituality charms—with the sole goal of raising his strength.

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648: Noon and Night

Editor: Atlas Studios

Whoosh! Gasp!

The loud panting sounds entered Klein's ears in a slow and rhythmic manner. It left a chill running down his spine as he felt an inexplicable sense of horror, but he didn't feel any dangerous foreboding.

It wasn't only him. Cattleya, Frank Lee, and the other pirates also heard the panting sounds. They either turned their heads, looked outside, raised their weapons, or were on high alert, showcasing their rich experience.

After trying to discern the source, Klein discovered that the intense panting stemmed from the ruin ahead of them. It originated from a spot between the peak made of stones and stone columns.

At that moment, Bloodless Heath Doyle floated out of the shadows. He clasped his head and softly grunted in pain.

"There's a corpse…

"There's a corpse there!"

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649: Black Cloister

Editor: Atlas Studios

A dream shared by everyone? Klein repeated Cattleya's words inwardly as he slowly realized the situation he was in.

Nighttime in these dangerous waters would connect the dreams of all living creatures!

And any creature that didn't sleep would lack the necessary protection, as their Soul Bodies weren't in the dream. As such, they would suffer an unknown attack.

As for why such an attack would lead to one's disappearance and not instant death, Klein, who hadn't actually experienced it, had no grounds for speculation.

As his thoughts raced, Klein retracted his gaze from Cattleya's body, recasting them onto the magnificent city on the opposite cliff. He thought out of curiosity.

If this world can really be formed from the connection of dreams from all the local creatures, who could've imagined such an unimaginable city?

He observed for a few seconds before asking, "What is its name?"

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650: The Unlucky Anderson

Editor: Atlas Studios

After recognizing the leader on the mural, Klein subconsciously suspected that it was something from his dream.

However, he quickly rejected the idea. This was because the unlucky Anderson wasn't someone he knew. He was also not someone that had left an impression on him. There was a low chance of him being the extension of his own dream.

And Anderson had clearly said that he became unlucky after seeing the mural. It was strongly tied to the mural, so it could only be the case that the mural was part of Anderson's dream!

As he focused and looked carefully, Klein quickly realized that the mural was somewhat different from the mural that Little Sun saw in the True Creator's abandoned temple.

The background here was a sea burning with golden flames, while the previous one was that of a desolate plain.

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651: Meeting Again

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon seeing Will Auceptin's warning, Klein's first found himself blessed with good luck.

Thankfully I didn't court death and continue the exploration… He didn't hesitate to heave a sigh of relief.

Although he had seen the mural related to Ouroboros, as well as the terrifying monster, Anderson, who mutated for some unknown reason, he didn't actually physically get himself into a dangerous situation.

I wonder if I'll randomly appear in a region in the next dream, or will it continue from before… If it's the latter, the best choice of action is to not disturb Anderson so as to avoid agitating him. I'll just walk the same way back and leave that black cloister… Klein retracted his gaze and continued reading.

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652: Mermaid Clues

Editor: Atlas Studios

Strongest Hunter… Klein was shocked by this nickname. After carefully recalling, he realized that the man didn't have a bounty on his head.

That meant that Anderson Hood's description of himself in the dream world was real and reliable. He was more of a treasure hunter!

Unfortunately, Gehrman Sparrow hasn't killed any pirate admirals, otherwise, I would be the strongest hunter… Klein didn't let down his guard as he coldly looked at the man.

As long as Anderson Hood showed any signs of abnormality, he would immediately throw the charm in his hand. After all, the activation incantation was all the same. At his Sequence, he could do it simultaneously while injecting his spirituality.

Upon hearing the Admiral of Stars's introduction, Anderson seriously shook his head.

"No, I'm not the strongest hunter."

Oh, he's still rather humble… Klein sighed inwardly.

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653: Black-faced, Black-handed

Editor: Atlas Studios

The ground trembled slightly as a figure that was nearly three meters tall appeared at the boundary of the island's primitive forest.

Its body was grayish-white in color, seemingly formed from boulders. Its face was potholed without any obvious eyes, nose, mouth, or ears.

"Stone giant…" Cattleya muttered the monster's type.

Be it Klein or Anderson, both of them knew nothing about such monsters.

However, they didn't cast an inquisitive look at Cattleya. They focused on the monster, looking highly professional.

Cattleya turned her body to face the docked Future. She raised her right hand halfway and amplified her voice.

"Aim!"

The pirates on duty immediately adjusted dozens of cannons on the port of the ship, aiming them right at the Stone Giant which was lumbering over.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Cannonballs flew out and landed around the Stone Giant, sending dust flying as the bombardment covered a huge area.

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654: Prisoner and Guard

Editor: Atlas Studios

No way. I haven't gone anywhere… Has the far-reaching hands of trouble come on its own? Klein revealed a grimace that didn't match Gehrman Sparrow's persona. He nearly drew a gasp.

The only thing stopping him from doing that was because it would cause quite a stir, making "trouble" discover his hiding spot!

No longer a green Nighthawk, he rapidly made up his mind. He held his breath, slowly stood up, and moved to the side of the metal gate, without a sound. He secretly and silently looked in the direction of the incoming footsteps.

He believed that, since hiding and avoiding it wasn't necessary useful, he had to determine the danger revolving around the situation so as to make the best choice!

The two miniature suns in his eyes dimmed as Klein waited for nearly a minute as he heard the footsteps turn heavier and clearer. Following that, he heard the clanking sound of a metallic gate slamming into the wall.

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655: Dream Analysis

Editor: Atlas Studios

!

Klein was alarmed. He instinctively turned his body to the side without exposing his back to Leomaster, who was trembling in horror in the storage room.

He couldn't be certain that the prisoner wearing a short linen robe wasn't problematic!

At this moment, the deep redness in the black-armored knight who had the same face as Leomaster brightened drastically. He raised up the gloomy broadsword in his hands.

Bam!

With a step forward, he cleaved forward at a speed that Klein couldn't capture with his naked eyes.

At the same time, Klein, who was standing to the side of him, subconsciously raised the Sea God Scepter and made the blue gems at its tip light up simultaneously.

Whoosh!

A corporeal hurricane appeared out of thin air as it swirled around Klein, protecting him within the eye of the hurricane.

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656: Crazy Mutations

Editor: Atlas Studios

Someone opened a door deep in the hall of murals and came out? A Rampager or Beyonder creature who was nearby? Furthermore, it possesses the ability to act in dreams? After hearing Anderson Hood's description, Klein began making logical speculations.

As his thoughts whirled, he suddenly had a new idea.

Could it be the owner of the mysterious eyes that observed me and the deck?

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657: Terrifying Vitality

Editor: Atlas Studios

The grayish-black hand grabbed the side of the ship and quickly hoisted it up, revealing the submerged parts, inch by inch.

Through the blue water waves, Klein saw a huge grayish-black shadow. Following that, squirming flesh occupied his entire vision.

The monster seemed to be an amalgamation of countless blackening or graying corpses. Attached to the two gigantic palms were withered-looking arms that resembled dry timber. The arms stemmed from a corpse that was suspected to be from a giant. This giant's single eye was shut tightly as a few heads were stuck to its neck. And further down these heads were incomplete scaly fish, lizard bodies, or warped human corpses. Layer after layer, they formed flesh that appeared like a floating island.

From the different corpses and the connections of the crevices, a yellowish-green gas was emanated and spread to its surroundings as though it was enveloping the entire area.

Cough! Cough! Cough! Cough!

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658: 55,000 Pounds

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Black Tulip… Admiral Hell Ludwell… This is jumping out of the frying pan and into the fire… Aren't we a little too unlucky? Floating in midair, Klein was the first to discover the approaching ship. He couldn't help but turn his head to look down at Anderson, who was wielding his pitch-black sword and seriously observing the monster.

Anderson quickly returned the gaze in puzzlement. As he remained wary against the grayish-black flesh which could shoot out at any moment, he asked, "The look you are giving me is very strange. Did something happen again…"

Just as he said that, he reflexively shut his mouth and sensed something. With a leap, he dodged the monster's splintered body which was making his fingernails rapidly grow. He quickly arrived at the other side of the ship.

As he straightened his back, Anderson suddenly hissed.

"Admiral Hell…"

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659: This Beyonder Power is Very Powerful

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the Future, Anderson Hood pressed his hands on the shipboard and saw the undead army in the pitch-black sea recede like the tide. They rushed over one another and surged for the stern of the Black Tulip. He saw Gehrman Sparrow press his cap with his right hand while he descended from the sky before landing opposite Admiral Hell Ludwell.

Such a scene was illuminated by dark red or gloomy green light. With the accentuation from the wraiths, shadows, and all sorts of strange spirit world creatures, there was an indescribable sense of beauty.

Cool! As expected of the craziest adventurer… Anderson praised from the bottom of his heart before recalling something.

Gehrman Sparrow had apparently thrown a charm in front of him before flying over. Furthermore, he had specially demonstrated the incantation to activate the charm!

His intent is… Anderson Hood moved his gaze down and discovered a charm made of tin at his feet.

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660: Behind the Mask

Editor: Atlas Studios

One syllable after another of distorted, incomprehensible, jarring, and indecipherable words slowly spewed out of Klein's mouth. It made the hurricane produced by the bronze door's terrifying suction force to instantly calm down, cloaking the already dim surroundings with a deeper gloom.

Only at this moment did he know that the Beyonder power which Admiral Hell Ludwell had just used was known as the Language of the Dead. It could circumvent the protection of one's flesh and blood, so as to target the Spirit Body.

It belonged to an advancement in a Spirit Medium's powers. It could go from direct communication with spirits to that of commandeering, to the point of enslavement!

Living creatures were unable to understand the resounding language. Ludwell couldn't help but freeze on the spot. A transparent layer rapidly surfaced on his pirate captain attire.

His spirit was being tugged at by an illusory power!

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661: Approaching

Editor: Atlas Studios

Frank Lee sensed the Gehrman Sparrow's abnormality as he added with a chuckle, "I had planned on providing you some help by throwing some seeds over. Unfortunately, I have no way to throw that far."

Throw some seeds at the Black Tulip? These waters have the remnant auras of Earth Mother. Beyonder matters in the corresponding domain would mutate and would attack everyone, without identifying friend from foe… I was on the Black Tulip at that moment… Thankfully, you didn't throw them… Klein suddenly recalled the tragic state the Future had been placed in moments ago and how the dead pirate had grown a watermelon on his head.

Just as he was about to give a minced answer to match Gehrman Sparrow's persona, he suddenly saw Heath Doyle appear from the shadows, bending his back to vomit.

This Bloodless retched first before his knees went limp as he knelt on the deck.

Ugh! Ugh!

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662: Powerful Aura

Editor: Atlas Studios

As his gaze moved up, Klein roughly guessed the owner of those footsteps.

She was a woman wearing beige trousers that made it easy to move about. She wore a pair of long black leather boots, but on her body was a light brown skirt that reached her knees. The hemline fell down diagonally and in layers, giving an unrestrained and cool vibe to her.

Such a getup made Klein feel as though he had returned to Earth. This was because be it Loen, Intis or Feysac, Feynapotter, Lenburg, Masin, East Balam, and other countries, none of them had popularized such styles!

Klein lifted his head faster and finally saw the lady's appearance.

She had long chestnut hair that naturally cascaded down. Her straight eyelashes extended out just perfectly. Her deep blue eyes were deep and profound, as though it hid an ocean in them.

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663: False Alarm

Editor: Atlas Studios

After hearing Anderson's question, Klein was momentarily at a loss for an answer. He couldn't just tell him that he had fallen out of a dream suspected to belong to Queen Mystic.

He coldly looked at the unlucky Strongest Hunter, raised his right hand, and pointed upwards.

"Is that so…" Anderson Hood nodded in enlightenment.

What… did you figure out… I don't even know what I'm expressing myself… Klein discreetly twitched the corner of his lips and changed the topic. He said in recollection, "I met someone just now…"

"Not someone we know? Not a member of the Future? The person who came out of the door from deep inside the hall?" Anderson suddenly became excited.

This fellow doesn't put on airs of being the Strongest Hunter. He's like a breaking news reporter… Klein lampooned without answering him. He directly said, "She got me to pass on a prophecy to you."

"She… What prophecy?" Anderson was somewhat puzzled.

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664: Every Second Counts

Editor: Atlas Studios

Mermaids?

Klein felt delighted as anticipation and excitement filled him.

Having left Backlund for nearly four months and experiencing a series of events, he finally arrived at the destination of his travels. He was completing the last condition needed for him to advance to Sequence 5 Marionettist!

His irascibility and frustrations had been constantly growing ever since he entered these waters, and it was all thanks to the waiting. The various ridiculous and humorous matters on the Future, the matters that seemed abnormally harrowing on careful thought, and the dangers and unknown things contained within the night, noon, and dreams in the ruins of this war of gods had left him even more mentally tense. He lived through every minute and hour with great torment.

Now, the pressure from these emotions finally had a chance of being released!

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665: Spirit Body Threads

Editor: Atlas Studios

Under the strong sunlight, the sea reflected a golden shade. Apart from that, deep in Klein's eyes were countless illusory black lines.

They extended from the nearby mermaids, from his body, and from the different parts of the neighboring waters. They were packed densely in thin and numerous threads, corresponding to different spots. Some extended into the infinite distance, to the ends of the void.

This strange, beautiful scene wasn't an unfamiliar sight to Klein. In the few times he used the All-Black Eye's powers and his usage of it to create the fake World, he had been able to see similar scenes.

This was the source of a Marionettist's Beyonder powers!

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666: Afternoon Town

Editor: Atlas Studios

That's… Klein's eyes reflected a nearly transparent object.

It appeared like a carapace of something, occasionally shrinking and vanishing from Klein's line of sight, and at times peeking out due to an invisible wind, revealing some of its outlines.

With it acting as an anchor point and looking further up, there were colors of green that was almost black, standing there silently.

They look like the colors of the trees of a dark forest… Klein mumbled without imagining what the object of those colors signified. All he could do was boldly guess that it had something to do with gaining a deeper control of the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Without trying to do something that was destined to be in vain, he jumped down from the staircase that seemed to lead to heaven and phased back inside the palace.

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667: Prayer

Editor: Atlas Studios

They're gone?

There's only darkness?

Faced with such a sudden change, Derrick's first reaction wasn't horror; instead, he clasped his hands together and pressed it to his mouth.

Pure light was emitted out of his body as he dispersed the surrounding darkness, illuminating every corner of the underground chamber.

In Derrick's living environment, darkness was the most terrifying existence. Once they left the City of Silver, they had to constantly maintain the existence of light. Even a brief loss of light couldn't last for more than five seconds.

When Derrick first joined the exploration teams and lacked experience, he had nearly killed himself because of such a mistake. Thankfully, the Chief was standing nearby.

As the light slowly and continuously radiated from him, Derrick raised his tightly-gripped Axe of Hurricane and carefully observed his surroundings.

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668: Confidence Might Also Be a Weakness

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, in the palace that was held up by stone columns.

Derrick quickly repeated his encounter to Mr. Fool.

Dark Angel Sasrir… The names and titles of these Kings of Angels seem to have been washed away by the rivers of history. Almost no one knows of them. If it weren't for Little Sun discovering them in the Forsaken Land of God, or me directly encountering the ancient evil spirit suspected to be Red Angel himself, I might not even know a single King of Angels. At best I would've heard of the Amon family and would have no way of delving deeper into the Blasphemer… Where is this Dark Angel at present? Is "He" still alive? Is "He" still one of the upper echelons of the Rose Redemption? Klein felt wistful.

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669: Exchange of Information

Editor: Atlas Studios

The True Creator? The ravings that fill these waters come from the True Creator? Upon hearing Queen Mystic's answer, Klein was surprised while feeling somewhat joyful.

He was rejoicing because, just as Queen Mystic said, if she hadn't boarded the ship, Heath Doyle might've undergone a mutation even with the existence of a Sealed Artifact which could reduce his auditory senses to a certain effect.

Towards Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders of other pathways, they would only feel repressed and frustrated, or they would occasionally suffer from nightmares when faced with the True Creator's ravings without actually listening to them. But to a Rose Bishop, the Sequence 0 for his corresponding pathway was the True Creator. To be immersed in the ravings of this evil god, even if he was deaf, something would've happened to him sooner or later.

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670: Repenter

Editor: Atlas Studios

That strange Afternoon Town has infiltrated the Afternoon Town in reality? Derrick vaguely understood what the Chief was saying as he had a rough guess as to why this had happened.

He suspected that when Mr. Fool pulled him out of the strange Afternoon Town, "He" had broken an intricate balance, causing the powers to seep out.

This also explained why Demon Hunter Colin Iliad didn't vanish immediately when he repeated the attempt.

Just as Derrick was wondering what kind of changes this would bring, the chief of the six-member council, Colin, had taken out a luminescent powder from a pouch on his belt, and he scattered it in the air.

The powder suddenly blasted apart, spewing silver light upwards. It made it appear extremely obvious in such a dark environment.

Derrick, Haim, and Joshua knew very well what this signal meant. It meant not to run about haphazardly. Stay in your area, be wary against any incoming enemies, and await rescue!

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671: The Fourth Name

Editor: Atlas Studios

Strange item? Klein instantly felt a headache, but he asked with an unperturbed expression, "What is it?"

"Fish with human fingers growing in them!" Without waiting for Gehrman Sparrow's reply, Frank ran into the dining hall. Before long, he ran back and held a strange bluish-black fish in his hand.

The fish was of normal length. In the space where its eyes were, it had a face resembling a human. Its belly had been dissected, and three bloody fingers could be seen stuffed inside.

"It wasn't inserted by me. It was originally like that! Look at its teeth. It's very unlikely that it will eat something like that, so it can only be the case of the fingers producing themselves! Of course, I'm currently unable to determine what the fingers will do to its body," Frank hurriedly explained his judgment.

Klein glanced at the fish and said after some deliberation, "It might also be stuffed inside by someone."

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672: Bystander

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon glancing at the silent Cattleya, Klein suddenly felt a little awkward.

He didn't speak again as he turned and jumped off the boulder. He walked into the black cloister through the half-opened door.

In the square surrounded by a gloomy tower and the buildings, there were remnant fires from a war. Gigantic arrows were embedded in the ground, with the end of their shafts softly wobbling from the wind.

Frank Lee was still digging and planting something, but there wasn't food by his feet anymore, but a pool of flesh and blood.

"What experiments do you plan on performing on them?" Klein, who walked past, couldn't help but ask.

Frank smiled in excitement.

"Plenty!

"For example, all I need is one ox that can satisfy the meat requirements of an entire ship. Every time a piece of meat is sliced off, it will regrow new flesh again!"

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673: Blood Text

Editor: Atlas Studios

Layers of pea vines that appeared as though they were capable of weaving into a stairway into heaven dropped and shrank back into the soil.

Be it the Saint of Darkness's main persona or Leomaster's good side, they vanished. Only Cattleya stood at the top of the boulder, surveying her surroundings with a blank look.

Queen Mystic threw Leomaster's main and good side back into his own dream? Or did she pull them elsewhere in an attempt to understand the unique traits necessary for entering the Forsaken Land of God?

It seems like it's impossible to pull these two personalities into different dreams; otherwise, Queen Mystic would've long conversed with the good Leomaster individually, as well as agree to help him defeat the devil in exchange for relevant information, without going through so much trouble…

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674: Leaving the Ship

Editor: Atlas Studios

That was way too fast… I just had the thought… Klein looked at the undulating surface of the sea, temporarily unable to gather his thoughts.

Amidst his thoughts, he came up with a theory.

King of Immortality Agalito's second mate, Slaughterer Kircheis, is suspected to be a Devil or even a Desire Apostle. He possesses the Beyonder powers to detect danger ahead of time and the ability to lock onto the source of the danger. Then, would the King of Immortality be a Sequence 4 demigod of the Devil pathway to begin with?

That's why once the crew of the Future possessed the actual strength to deal harm to him with an actual plan in mind, he immediately sensed the problem and discovered the existence of Queen Mystic, so he didn't hesitate to retreat?

Yes, this means Queen Mystic also had the intention of taking action. Otherwise, my thoughts would've only made King of Immortality sneer and retaliate crazily…

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675: Building Ties

Editor: Atlas Studios

Afraid that Gehrman Sparrow would go back on his word, Anderson grabbed the five-soli note as scenes of ordinary beef sizzling over flames and alcohol beverages without any additional sedatives surfaced in his mind.

Well, well, well, this fellow actually accepted it. I was just saying it in passing in order to accentuate my persona, as well as to let him understand that it isn't so easy to borrow money from me so as to prevent him from hunting pirates and returning to the Fog Sea after borrowing a huge sum of money… Klein mumbled inwardly.

To him, a Sequence 5 Hunter wouldn't starve or have nowhere to stay when placed in a place with plenty of pirates, even if he didn't have a single penny.

He indiscernibly shook his head and was about to leave the dock when he suddenly heard a boorish shout, "Gehrman!"

"…"

Upon hearing Frank Lee's voice, Klein shuddered as he turned around, his nerves taut.

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676: Tripartite Transaction

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bizarro Sorcerer… Klein suddenly woke up from his dream as he opened his eyes to see the dark night.

It's not noon yet. It's still very dangerous… he mumbled before returning back to sleep.

At this moment, he finally recalled that he had already left those dangerous waters. He wouldn't vanish or go missing if he wasn't sleeping at the end of the night.

Phew, it's this kind of stable environment that's good! I have to say that mysteriously vanishing due to not sleeping after dark is something that can be used to scare kids, making them not dare to sleep late. Heh, I was often scared by such stories when I was young. Klein sat up, walked to the desk, and poured himself a cup of water.

After a moment of silence, he gulped down a mouthful of water as he gradually recovered his ability to think.

Zaratul really went mad… What exactly did he encounter, or what happened to him…

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677: Falling to the Ground

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amidst the gunshot, Anderson's body suddenly collapsed to the floor, using an amusing manner to dodge the bullet.

As for Klein, who didn't fully understand the situation, he jumped to the side and activated his Spirit Vision while pulling out his revolver.

At that instant, his first reaction was that Anderson had gone overboard in his hunting last night and was now the target of revenge. He only wished to shout, "I don't know him! It has nothing to do with me!"

At the table beside Anderson Hood, a stout man dressed in a shirt with rolled-up sleeves threw forks and knives, and he suddenly drew an already loaded double-barreled hunting rifle, aimed at the ground, and pulled the trigger from a commanding height.

These series of actions were nearly simultaneous with the hotel's boss, but they were simply one step slower due to the many steps involved.

Bang!

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678: Punishment

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the two sides of the ancient mottled bronze table, blurry figures extended outward from the embrace of deep red beams of light before turning corporeal. The surroundings remained as silent and empty as always, as though no living creature had ever set foot there for millions of years.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~" Audrey's brisk and cheerful voice soon resounded through the resplendent palace held up by stone columns.

Klein nodded his head with a smile, watching as the other members expressed their greetings under Miss Justice's lead.

Here, there was no doubt that The Hermit Cattleya appeared rather reticent. Audrey's read on her was that she had many things on her mind.

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679: Murder Request

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Do not pry into the mystery of God…"

Alger's whispers soon disappeared, but it continued resounding in everyone's ears, making them realize a reality.

Although Mr. Fool often didn't put on any airs and seldom spoke, nearly answering every request they had, making them find him warm, "He" was ultimately a god, a god whose mysteries shouldn't be pried into. He was a god that transcended reality!

Audrey, Emlyn, and the other Tarot Club members instinctively accepted Mr. Hanged Man's altered saying, pretending that they had forgotten the original wording to be "do not look directly at God," because they had looked at Mr. Fool from time to time, asking him questions or seeking his advice, and with regards to that, Mr. Fool didn't seem to mind.

Of course, we weren't looking at him directly due to the thick gray fog's obstruction… From Ma'am Hermit's outcome, Mr. Fool had done so for our own good… Audrey slowly exhaled.

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680: New Thoughts

Editor: Atlas Studios

After receiving The World's consenting nod and confirming the matter regarding Lewis Wien, Fors thought for a moment and continued, "Everyone, does anyone have a Meteorite Crystal or the crystallized blood of a Lavos Squid, or any information about them?"

These were the main ingredients of the Astrologer potion formula.

Fors originally planned on continuing her requests, hoping that Mr. Moon, who was also in Backlund, could help her find Lewis Wien, but after some consideration, she decided to first do it herself. Only after confirming that there aren't any solutions or clues would she then request the Tarot Club for help.

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681: Indirect Answer

Editor: Atlas Studios

Being the main focus of attention, Derrick didn't choke. He eagerly said, "I've recently been in an exploration team led by the Chief to Afternoon Town.

"It's a key gateway that leads to the Giant King's Court. It's a door that separates myth from reality."

His opening perfectly garnered the interest of all the Tarot Club members as they awaited the rest of his account in different postures.

Derrick skipped the unimportant experiences that they had during the journey, and he directly started his story from Afternoon Town. He first described the dead silence and darkness before how his three-member team discovered an underground altar. He then described how he identified the names—Ouroboros, Medici, and Sasrir—and entered another side of the town without realizing it. There, he saw the titles such as Dark Angel and the words Rose Redemption.

Having said that, he thanked Mr. Fool once again for "His" help from the predicament.

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682: Seeking "Food"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cattleya controlled herself without looking at The World Gehrman. She said in a deep and slow voice, "Northeast from the Gargas Archipelago, there's a safe sea route that allows one to enter those dangerous waters…"

She began her description with the deep abyss which separated the seas, the sun chariot which couldn't be viewed directly, the night which required sleeping, the terrifying ravings that filled the entire sea, and the shadow of the Giant King's Court which stood on the opposite mountain peak in the dream world.

During this process, she didn't mention Gehrman Sparrow at all, deliberately avoiding any mention of him. As for the abnormalities that happened en route, she described them simply, such as the remnant aura of Earth Mother which caused hair to grow rapidly.

Towards the end, she placed her focus on the ruin with a sleeping corpse and the adventurers' sailboat which had the words written in blood, "Fountain of Unaging."

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683: So You Are Here as Well

Editor: Atlas Studios

Black Spirit Body Threads that stemmed from different lifeforms appeared in Klein's vision, but he didn't immediately extend his spirituality to attempt to control them.

After distinguishing and confirming which Spirit Body Threads belonged to Molsona, he gulped a mouthful of malt bear as he began to focus on the boxing match in the ring, just like a real member of the audience.

The two boxers had their tops bare and didn't wear any protective gear. They fought all-out, constantly clashing with each other as fist met flesh, and the situation quickly escalated to a fervor.

Many of the alcoholic gamblers had adrenaline pumping through them as they shouted for the boxer they supported passionately, yelling, "Kill him!"

"Finish that son of a b*tch!"

On the second floor, Molsona also forgot the cigar in his hand as he was fixated on the ring below, his hands clenched tightly into fists.

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684: Battle Encounter

Editor: Atlas Studios

Kacha!

Kircheis only half-turned his body as the cup of beer hit the round table beside him, smashing to pieces.

Amidst the gunfire, he didn't attempt to dodge, as though he had instinctively seen through the illusion. It was as though he had a spring installed in him as he bounced to the forefront amongst the gamblers and alcoholics who were crouched down or scattered. His gaze was locked onto the cold adventurer wearing a suit by the door.

Gehrman Sparrow… Kircheis's pupils constricted as he opened his mouth and chanted the Language of Foulness that stemmed from the Abyss.

At this moment, Klein truly pulled the trigger as a pale golden bullet that appeared to be scooped out of boiling-hot water shot out, going straight for the "Slaughterer" who had a bounty of 9,500 pounds.

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685: From A Delay to Disconnection

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the room that had been reduced to shambles, Klein, whose top hat had fallen to the side and clothes had become tattered, was about four meters away from Kircheis, who was a behemoth with bat wings. The situation was so quiet, as though a puppet show was being played.

In fact, Klein still had the means to do something else.

Back when Marionettist Rosago forcefully controlled both him and Sharron, he could resist the Wraith's possession and use Flame Controlling to summon a flame to destroy the shadow pulled in by Sharron. If he hadn't made a serious mistake by targeting the Sequence 5 Wraith, Rosago could've diverted his attention to killing Klein, snuffing out any chance of him using the Language of Foulness charm. Now, although Klein was definitely inferior to him, there was also only one enemy!

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686: A Hard-to-complete Ritual

Editor: Atlas Studios

After thinking for a moment, Klein, who didn't have an answer, put away the thin blood crystal when he didn't sense any danger from it. Then, he bent down to inspect Kircheis's Devil form which had lost half its head.

I wonder if I can still use this to exchange for a bounty, and if so, how much can I get… I have no idea who I can contact from the military over here. Send Oz Kent a telegram? This back and forth, together with the work he has to do remotely, it's hard to tell if it will finish in three to four days. I'll be leaving tomorrow… Also, I can't forget the middleman's cut. He mumbled, walked to the side, and picked up the clearly charred half top hat and wore it.

Then, he dragged the heavy and massive Devil's corpse and walked to the door before reaching out to open the door.

A howling wind blew in, breaking the silence in the room.

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687: Blatherer

Editor: Atlas Studios

Picking up the blood crystal and smelling the faint smell of sulfur, Klein could vaguely sense the corrosive powers hidden deep within.

Legend has it that the Abyss is an area with the greatest powers of corruption. Even an angel will fall and lose control there. The people guarding the Abyss will eventually be assimilated by the Abyss… The characteristic shown by the Desire Apostle does match this point. Hmm, deepening the assimilation of a Desire Apostle? Klein allowed his thoughts to wander.

Soon, he noticed a detail. Kircheis had declared loyalty to the Death Announcer, and not to King of Immortality Agalito!

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688: Fruitless Wait

Editor: Atlas Studios

After hitting the deck, entering the cabin, and coming to his room, Klein was just about to say something when Anderson Hood spoke before he could.

"That's not right… If I were the passengers on board this ship, I'd definitely be very afraid and nervous to see an adventurer who just offended the King of Immortality. I'd either get the captain or first mate to convince you to switch to another ship, or I would switch ships myself. To my surprise, all of them are especially calm."

This guy is very sharp. He's able to notice the minute details… Is this a real Conspirer? Often acting happy-go-lucky, shooting off his mouth, and being optimistic, but in actuality, he has silently grasped the situation and made his preparations… As Klein opened the door with his key, he began considering if the ship had any real problems.

At that moment, Anderson raised his hand to slap himself in the cheeks before laughing dryly.

"I get it!

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689: That's It?

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bellman Carnot's expression immediately turned odd when he heard Frank Lee's name.

"Yes, he… he's a kind and pure person, but at times, his pureness is terrifying."

Indeed… Klein made way and allowed the bellman to walk down the stairs. As he followed him down, he asked, "Are you familiar with him?"

Carnot silently walked ahead, and after a while, he said with his back facing Gehrman Sparrow, "I'm a failed product filled with all kinds of problems. I was always mocked, and only Frank was one of the few who looked at me normally, treating me as someone with a real soul…"

"Why did he leave the Church of Earth Mother?" Klein asked despite knowing the answer.

Carnot came out of the bell tower, answering while getting his bearings, "I do not know about the specifics.

"He's an orphan. He grew up in the cloister from a young age. He really treats the Church as a family and views Earth Mother as his mother.

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690: Miss Messenger

Editor: Atlas Studios

Under the sunlight, the Golden Dream emitted golden lusters as if it was a mobile treasure.

Danitz stood inside the captain's cabin, pacing about endlessly. He attempted to recall everything that had happened over the past few days in a bid to find a clue.

Three days ago, his captain, Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, wanted to do a study in which she might not appear for ten to twenty hours. Therefore, all corresponding classes were canceled. In regards to this, Danitz and company didn't find it odd. These happened frequently.

They were delighted that they didn't need to attend classes; hence, there was drinking, singing, and a bonfire party held on the ship. They were only short of burning down the Golden Dream, but they had a great time.

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691: Meeting

Editor: Atlas Studios

There's no need for you to tell me. I've more or less confirmed it moments ago… Upon hearing Anderson Hood, Klein wore a calm expression as he mumbled inwardly.

Back when he encountered Reinette Tinekerr in the spirit world where he saw her massive true form and gothic-styled castle, Klein already believed that she wasn't someone to be messed with. And with Miss Messenger almost killing the Strongest Hunter with such ease, it made him believe without a doubt that she was a demigod, a Sequence 4 at the very least!

A demigod is willing to help me deliver letters for a gold coin per trip? It's obvious that things aren't that simple. Miss Messenger must have her motives; of course, I can't disregard how I'm always encountering all sorts of strange matters. It might've piqued her interest, and she doesn't mind being a messenger since she happens to be free…

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692: Suspect

Editor: Atlas Studios

Seeing everyone on the Golden Dream aim their sights at Anderson, Klein took a step forward and said to Danitz, his side facing him, "Bring me to the captain's cabin."

"…Alright. Alright." Danitz retracted his angry glare aimed at Anderson Hood.

Prioritize Captain's rescue. Prioritize Captain's rescue… he kept repeating to himself.

The Golden Dream first released a dinghy before lowering a gangway, allowing Klein to easily step onto the deck without using a charm.

Anderson followed by his side, completely ignoring the glares of the Golden Dream's crew. With a smile, he strolled forward as he looked around, treating it as his own home.

His mental fortitude is truly beyond remarkable… Yes, even after offending a demigod where he was forced to apologize in public and accept a mission, he was able to laugh at himself and enjoy a meal… Klein sighed inwardly as he walked towards Third Mate Jodeson and company.

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693: Attempt

Editor: Atlas Studios

After putting down the fountain pen in his hand, Klein removed the spirit pendulum from his left wrist, holding it in one hand and letting it hang down over the paper in close proximity.

"Edwina is in the story of this book," Klein closed his eyes and silently repeated the divination statement.

After he recited the statement, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz pendant spinning clockwise.

This meant that Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina was inside Groselle's Travels!

It really is a world inside a book… Furthermore, the situation inside is very special. Without new characters, the story isn't able to continue… Klein indiscernibly nodded. Wounding the silver chain and the topaz pendant around his wrist again, he picked up a dark red fountain pen and wrote a new divination statement: "The method to entering Groselle's Travels."

This time, he used dream divination. In the gray, hazy world, he saw indistinct figures.

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694: Burn Upon Chanting

Editor: Atlas Studios

Danitz held the bronze dagger and sliced across the back of his left palm, but his hesitation prevented him from using much strength.

He looked up and forced a smile.

"Although I've been injured many times, pain still leaves me afraid."

"Get to the point," Klein replied coldly.

Danitz gave a hollow laugh.

"Haha, I'm just a little scared of pain."

Just as he said that, he exerted strength with his right hand, slicing open a wound on the back of his hand with the bronze knife. The words he had said was apparently to divert his attention so that he could reconcile with the idea of pain.

Blood quickly seeped out as Danitz immediately put down the dagger. He dabbed some blood on his right finger and smeared it across the dark brown cover of Groselle's Travels.

After finishing that, he held his breath, waiting for a change.

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695: Stark Contrast

Editor: Atlas Studios

Gales with icy fragments and goose feather-sized snowflakes blasted at Klein's face repeatedly. As he surveyed his surroundings, he couldn't help but tense up. He bent over slightly as he trembled.

How… cold… He nearly cursed out as he confirmed that he was in a land of ice and snow which had extremely low visibility.

He originally imagined that the moist coldness of Backlund's winter was terrifying, but he now knew that absolute low temperatures and strong winds that were as sharp as blades were a deadly combination. Even though he had worn an additional sweater ahead of time, and his coat was thick and long, he still couldn't withstand the chill.

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696: Giant Guardian

Editor: Atlas Studios

As the tyrannical aura flew past, high in the sky, Anderson's chewing came to a sudden halt. It was only when the entity was a distance away did he swallow the remaining rabbit meat. He looked up at Gehrman Sparrow.

"That was the dragon you were talking about?"

Klein nodded slightly, confirming Anderson's guess.

The corners of Anderson's mouth slowly curled up, revealing an expression as though he was at a loss on whether to laugh or cry.

"I thought you were talking about a mature or adolescent dragon. The one that just flew past…

"I probably won't be able to become a dragon hunter. Dragon feces perhaps."

The tyrannical feeling that the King of the North exudes is indeed a little terrifying. Compared to the pieced-together monster which made hair grow without restraint on the Future, it's a lot stronger… Perhaps, it's a Sequence 4, at the level of a demigod… Klein calmly made a judgment without revealing any hints of panic or horror.

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697: Story's Progress

Editor: Atlas Studios

Everyone can understand each other regardless of the language used? Klein skipped over Edwina's first sentence and focused his attention on the second sentence that didn't seem too problematic.

Although this was the book world created by Groselle's Travels, everything was possible, but there were certain details that still revealed problems.

To Klein, he wasn't too caught up with how they could understand each other, but the kind of method that resulted in the comprehension.

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698: Fifth King of Angels

Editor: Atlas Studios

Deities walked the land, and not in the astral world… In the early Fourth Epoch, during the era of the Solomon Empire, there was no distinguishing between the worlds of myth and reality. Deities directly walked the land without the need for a descent?

This is somewhat similar to the Second Epoch as written in the City of Silver's books. The Giant King's Court and other locations are separated by a door in the real world. They just needed to pass through it and return the same way. Mortals and deities mixed together in the chaos and darkness… Also, the astral world really does correspond to deities… After hearing Viscount Mobet Zoroast's description, Klein instantly began connecting the dots.

He subconsciously swept a glance at Groselle, as this giant was very likely someone who had experienced the history of the Second Epoch!

Groselle picked up a cup larger than a wooden bucket and gulped down some melted snow as he laughed.

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699: Boss Fight

Editor: Atlas Studios

Loen soldier, Frunziar Edward, who was onguard by the cave's entrance, saw a massive figure descend from the sky just as he moved. It landed on a huge boulder covered in thick layers of ice. The wings which were covered in a membrane of skin weren't retracted as they continued spreading outward, nearly blocking out all the surrounding light.

The illusory armored scales that resembled frozen ice and the violent eerie-blue dragon eyes were immediately reflected in Frunziar's eyes. He instinctively sensed danger as he raised his iron-black sword and leaped to the side, rolling far away from where he was standing.

Almost at the same moment, King of the North Ulyssan opened its mouth, silently spewing out a distorted icy-blue flame towards the cave. It froze everything in its wake!

Moments later, the icy-blue flames produced a tidal wave formed from illusory light as they surged into the dark cave, sealing everything it passed in ice.

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700: Excellent Teamwork

Editor: Atlas Studios

King of the North Ulyssan's tragic cries rapidly turned into a roar. Following that, a snowstorm engulfed the area outside the cave, reducing the visibility to less than five meters.

Howling gales swept up dense "goose feathers" as they covered every inch of space. Meanwhile, an icy-blue halo rapidly extended outwards, clinging close to the ground. It left frozen ice everywhere in its wake as it passed.

Klein, who had his vision and hearing affected by the blizzard, instantly had the corresponding scene surface in his mind. He hurriedly bent his knees and kicked his heels, jumping high up, allowing the icy-blue halo to sweep underneath him.

As for Mobet Zoroast, who wasn't adept at combat, he was already too close to the icy-blue halo when he noticed it. He didn't have the time to jump up.

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701: Giants Never Retreat

Editor: Atlas Studios

Ulyssan arrived at Snowman's location, but he failed to hit anything. It slid past, leaving behind a deep chasm.

Behind it, fireballs exploded afterward, producing bursts one after another. Klein's somewhat stiff figure flashed about thanks to the fire. The King of the North didn't manage to open up a gap from him as the five meters was maintained.

By the time Ulyssan came to a stop, Klein, who was still invisible, suddenly sensed something amiss. A corresponding scene appeared in his mind. He lunged forward as he clung close to the ground and appeared underneath the frost dragon.

Meanwhile, Ulyssan's thick and powerful tail had swung over, lashing it towards the nearby Siatas and Mobet.

Whoosh!

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702: Epilogue

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Groselle!"

Frunziar, who was closest to the giant, rushed to Groselle and caught him. Then, he slowly released his grip and stood up, as though he had just experienced a confusing dream.

Siatas tore out of Mobet's arms, and ignoring the pain all over her body, she ran to Groselle's side with the aid of the wind.

She bent down and carefully observed for a moment. Then, she nudged the giant and hysterically shouted, "Wake up! Wake up!

"It's time for us to leave!"

Her voice softened into silence.

Mobet stood by the side, seeing the giant unable to maintain his body as it wavered. Finally, it fell to the ground with a thud.

He fell silent for a few seconds before exhaling.

At that moment, Anderson and Edwina had already run to Snowman. One used a flame, while the other mimicked holy light to quickly defrost him. As Klein was nearby, he directly arrived by Groselle's side.

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703: Thank-you Present

Editor: Atlas Studios

Seeing Edwina's gaze warm up, Anderson curled the sides of his mouth and shook his head with a sigh.

"You're always so inflexible. That's why you aren't able to become an artist your entire life."

After sighing again, he looked at the corpse on the chair.

"We can't keep watching. We have to do something. Doesn't Siatas wish to find her race? Let's bury her near an elven ruin in Sonia Island. Mobet looks like he wants to be with Siatas. We should bury them in the same tomb.

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704: Origins

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the undulating sea, inside an ancient and dark sailboat.

Alger Wilson stood in front of a window, considering the report he had to produce when he arrived at Pasu Island. It was at that moment when the endless gray fog and a figure lording over him appeared.

He then saw a dark red glow and saw a blurry figure resembling The World. He then heard the figure's calm words.

After hearing it, Alger's eyes widened. He found it difficult to suppress his joy as a strong sense of bewilderment and shock emerged within his heart.

He remembered very clearly that The World had only promised The Sun to obtain the Notary potion formula within three days at the last Tarot Club gathering. He hadn't mentioned anything related to the Ocean Songster potion formula, but in just days, this gentleman had obtained the rare Sequence 5 formula and even its main ingredient!

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705: Mythical Creature

Editor: Atlas Studios

…You didn't even need me to mention it… I was still a little embarrassed to raise the subject… Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief. After considering Gehrman Sparrow's persona, he calmly said, "I do not take advantage of others."

Just as he said that, he felt a little regretful. He was afraid that Vice Admiral Iceberg would really change her mind.

Edwina's light-blue eyes moved slightly as she said, "The only condition is that you have to tell me the answer to anything you figure out."

Phew… Klein didn't harp on the issue as he nodded.

"Okay."

About a minute later, he carried an iron black key the size of a heptachord.

And at that moment, there was a series of fervent singing from the deck.

"Your eyes are so mesmerizing that it feels like the light from dawn;

"When night comes and the sun has gone down, I almost start feeling melancholy; fervently awaiting your light;

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706: That Man

Editor: Atlas Studios

Turning his body to the side, Emlyn avoided a bulldozing drunkard. While swatting his clothes with a frown, he continued jostling towards the bar counter.

During this process, he didn't seem to be doing anything, but the surrounding customers would always fail to touch him. Be it in terms of speed, agility, or his balance and coordination, he had reached a rather terrifying level.

Finally, Emlyn arrived at the bar counter as he rapped the wooden counter.

"Where's Ian?"

The bartender glanced at him. Without a word, he kept his head low and wiped his glass cups.

"…" Emlyn stood there in surprise, wondering if he had done something wrong that earned him nothing. This angered him a little as he wished to reach out and yank the bartender out.

However, he believed that such acts were lacking as a gentleman. He forcefully held down his emotions and looked around and discovered that everyone was drinking.

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707: Danitz's Request

Editor: Atlas Studios

We've reached Bayam? Klein stood up upon hearing that and looked out. He saw the familiar Resistance's private harbor.

He didn't show his surprise as he commented calmly, "Faster than I expected."

It was three hours faster than he had expected!

"It's faster than I expected as well." Edwina looked away and agreed with Gehrman Sparrow.

However, these are all unimportant details… Klein lowered his head, pretending as though he was browsing through the rest of the Book of the Three Worlds. He then handed it to Vice Admiral Iceberg.

"That marks the end of this discussion."

Edwina looked at the book in silence. She opened her mouth, but no words came out.

She reached for the Book of the Three Worlds and placed it on the table in passing. Following that, she got up and bowed.

"I look forward to future discussions with you. Your expertise in ancient history is admirable."

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708: Revolver Worth 9,000 Pounds

Editor: Atlas Studios

Death Knell? Striking the enemy's death knell with every shot? I like this name… Klein controlled his facial expressions as he went forward without any anticipation or excitement on his face. He reached out to receive the iron black revolver with a slightly long barrel.

He was originally very worried that Ukfa would raise the price if he showed any strong desires for it. This was common in any transaction, but on second thought, with Gehrman Sparrow's reputation, and with Anderson, the Strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea, as a witness, it was unlikely that Ukfa Connerchris would offend him despite possibly being a Sequence 5 Beyonder. After all, he had quite the adventuring circles and had hoped to lead a quiet and settled life. He definitely had reservations that the crazy adventurer might sneak into the manor in the middle of the night despite not flaring up in front of him.

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709: Elland's Warning

Editor: Atlas Studios

As Klein looked at the bar which was so silent that he could hear breathing, he was taken aback. Only then did he step in and walk straight to the bar counter as though nothing had happened.

I should change my appearance the next time I come… he thought in frustration, just short of facepalming.

Ukfa's lack of awareness that Gehrman Sparrow had successfully hunted Slaughterer Kircheis had made Klein believe that the latest news hadn't reached the City of Generosity, and he boldly came to the Seaweed Bar. To his surprise, the problem lay in Ukfa who had kept a distance from the adventurer circles. He was a little behind on the news, and the crazy adventurer's infamy had already spread amongst the pirates around the Rorsted Archipelago.

Sighing silently, Klein sat in front of the bar counter and rapped the wooden counter.

"One glass of Southville beer."

"…Six pence." The bartender gulped his saliva with great difficulty.

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710: Plan

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, Klein extended his hand and summoned the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile. He began browsing through the countless points of light swirling about the Sealed Artifact.

Every point of light corresponded to a believer's prayer. The glows swirled with ethereal holiness!

Soon, Klein did a preliminary screening as he focused on the waters instead of the archipelago. After he had isolated the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog, he was unable to directly use the "divine artifact" to sense the surrounding waters and do anything effective. He had to rely on the scenes of his believers' prayers as a foundation before reaching out five nautical miles to influence the corresponding undersea creatures.

Klein emanated his spirituality and touched one of the specks of light. He saw a native performing his daily prayers in the evening on a fishing boat before docking.

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711: The Storm Attacks

Editor: Atlas Studios

Symeem Island. Under the towering cliff, dark sea waters were being roused by the surrounding waves as they churned about considerably.

On Crazy Captain Connors Viktor's ship named the Single-eyed Skull, a few pirates donned cloaks as they pulled up their hats. The rain pattered down heavily on them as they fought against winds that could lift a child, in order to walk out the cabin and inspect the ship to prevent any accidents from happening.

Their cloaks were made of linen, but their surfaces were smeared with an already hardened sticky liquid. The raindrops were unable to permeate through that layer and could only flow down onto the deck.

The liquid was Donningsman tree sap, produced from the Southern Continent's rainforest. It was naturally water-resistant and was quite commonly seen. It was originally rather cheap, but after a research team last year suspected that it had beneficial effects on hair growth, its price skyrocketed.

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712: The Loyal Alger

Editor: Atlas Studios

Situated beyond the storm, the Golden Dream had crimson red moonlight shine through the thin clouds and onto one of its rooms which was dark and unlit.

Danitz was standing beside his bed, motionless. It was as though he had encountered the Beyonder powers resembling Medusa's petrifying gaze.

He couldn't help but grind his teeth loudly as his feet indiscernibly trembled. An endless grayish-white fog and an indistinct figure that stood high above everything, saying the awe-inspiring words "those who say my name are on my mind" filled his mind.

Th-there really was a response… There really was a response! Danitz's lips quivered as he muttered silently to himself. He felt that his calves had gone soft.

This was the first time he was receiving a response from a prayer!

He was frightened out of his wits!

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713: Three Questions

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amidst the clacking sounds, the radio transceiver spewed out new illusory paper. On the paper were words composed of Loenese: "Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, has finally caught up to you!"

…There's no need to be so excited… Oh, the way Arrodes speaks is as professional as always. He didn't express his bitterness about not being able to contact me for prolonged periods of time, nor did he question me about why I haven't been looking for it. It directly blamed itself by claiming that it hadn't caught up to me… It makes me feel a little guilty. But, I still need to be wary… Klein was momentarily at a loss for an answer.

Arrodes didn't wait as it used the radio transceiver to produce an emoticon of carefully peeking out on the illusory paper.

"Great Master, the ruler above the spirit world, your servant has sensed that you are one step closer to returning to your holy throne, am I right?"

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714: New Diary Pages

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the quiet room in the inn, the dark and silent radio transceiver instantly returned back to normal as its surroundings stopped being eerie.

Klein busily set up the ritual and sacrificed it above the gray fog before having the time to consider the answers he had received.

According to the clues provided by Arrodes, and combining the answers from Mr. Azik and Will Auceptin, Klein had a basic idea on how he should proceed.

It wasn't just because he wished to return to Backlund for some rest and reorganization, but because he viewed the large city as a main locale that he would spend a long period of time being active in. He wanted to see if he could steal the Antigonus family's notebook from the Church of the Evernight Goddess's Saint Samuel Cathedral.

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715: Madness in His Later Years

Editor: Atlas Studios

"I've long obtained the potion formula of Knowledge Emperor from that most ancient organization. Now, it's time to seek the corresponding ingredients. It might already belong to a particular angel, and it might've fused with an object around it, turning into a warped and evil monster, or a chaotic and terrifying Sealed Artifact. In short, I have to be careful. It's best that I find a suitable helper.

"Knowledge Emperor. This Sequence 1 potion name is rather interesting. If I hadn't directly seen the Blasphemy Slate, I would've imagined that it belonged to the Reader pathway, making it belong to the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Even stranger, these two pathways aren't switchable.

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716: Island and Ruins

Editor: Atlas Studios

Mr. World has also obtained the potion formula and main ingredient for Ocean Songster. He's really impressive! Derrick moved his gaze from the goatskin in his hand and looked at the gentleman seated at the other end of the long bronze table.

In his mind, The World's toughness had reached a whole new level, one that could match the weaker members in the six-member council!

Fors was also similarly astonished as her poignancy grew deeper.

She remembered that back when she first joined the Tarot Club, Mr. World gave her the impression that he was gloomy and reserved. Apart from that, nothing stood out. In the subsequent gatherings, he began to show that he was experienced and knowledgeable, as well as possessing rather impressive abilities. At a glance, he was a senior Beyonder who had experienced many things, just second to Mr. Hanged Man amongst the Tarot Club members.

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717: The World and Hero Bandit

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the ancient palace standing above the gray fog, Alger wasn't in a rush to mention the matter regarding Crazy Captain Connors Viktor. He turned his head to look at The Sun.

"Are you still in Afternoon Town?"

Derrick nodded honestly.

"Yes, we took a very long time to establish a camp. Later, with small teams, we wiped out the remnant monsters, one street at a time, in search of any ancient ruins that might still exist. Although this process is slow, it's sufficiently safe."

His answer was extremely detailed, and it gave the impression that Mr. Hanged Man could ask more questions if he wished to know more.

Audrey listened with interest as she raised her hand slightly.

"With all of you staying in Afternoon Town for so long, what do you rely on for food? Is there any Black-Faced Grass nearby?"

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718: Characters in the Book

Editor: Atlas Studios

Not finding himself overly exhausted, Klein rubbed his temples and beckoned over a tiny metallic bottle from the junk pile.

Inside it was a tiny tube of blood that he went through great effort to extract from his vein, and he had long brought it above the gray fog. It was only waiting for the opportunity when Klein would use his Spirit Body to enter Groselle's Travels to explore the book world.

After opening the cap, Klein wasn't in a hurry to smear the blood over the book's dark brown cover. Instead, he summoned all the items from the junk pile that he had brought to the mysterious space before the Tarot Gathering, and he spread them out in front of him.

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719: Dream Tour

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein turned his gaze to the forest where light could hardly penetrate through its denseness, having gained a rough idea of where he was.

This was the Waning Forest which Groselle guarded when he was at the Giant King's Court.

The trees in the forest were tens of meters tall, and the thickness of the trees was the arm span of several giants. However, their barks were mottled with signs of rot everywhere. The leaves and twigs were mostly withered and dropping as they interwove with each other like a dark cloud floating in midair.

Groselle and similar-looking giants guarded the boundary of the forest, either carrying axes or broadswords, fully concentrating on defending the area.

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720: Philosopher

Editor: Atlas Studios

After silently observing it for a few seconds, Klein walked forward as he got onto the staircase and carefully walked down it.

The surrounding light gradually dimmed with a gray, hazy luster that enveloped the extremely silent world. The moment Klein proceeded down the staircase, he felt more and more like he was being locked inside a dark, silent room. Slowly, his ears could hear his sloshing blood and his beating heart.

The latter sped up as it was invaded by panic and horror which he could hardly keep in check. Klein focused his mind as he imagined the stacks of spherical light so as to stabilize his emotions and recover.

To his side, a grayish-white cliff coldly stood there, a representation of the domain of Groselle's consciousness. It was silent as though it were dead, but the surrounding grayness would occasionally coruscate.

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721: Klein's Guidance

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the Future, Frank Lee rolled up his sleeves and began flicking his fountain pen while writing with a smile.

"My dear friend, Gehrman Sparrow, I have good news for you. I have successfully cultivated a new breed of mushrooms by using the flesh and blood of a Rose Bishop. As long as there's fish, it will keep growing. We'll no longer have to worry about not being able to eat mushrooms due to long voyages. Furthermore, it has been crossbred with beef, making it taste excellent!

"Its only flaw is that there's no way to make it catch fish by itself. External help is needed, but I don't think it's too big a problem. After all, based on what Nina said, it wouldn't corrupt the ocean. Well, let's just pretend she's right.

"I've mailed you some dried mushrooms. As long as you give it water and fish, they will immediately become normal and reproduce by themselves. I hope you will like my gift…"

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722: An Unpeaceful Night

Editor: Atlas Studios

As Silver Coin Viper Oder wasn't a pirate, there were all kinds of rumors about him, most of which could hardly be verified. Klein retracted his gaze from the staircase and walked to the bar counter. He found a seat at the counter and tapped it.

"A cup of Zarhar."

This was a locally produced malt beer. It was a lot cheaper than Southville beer that needed to be shipped over from the Northern Continent.

"3 pence." The bartender recovered from his silent state as he picked up an overturned cup.

The crowd in the bar began to break out into whispers as they were illuminated by the gas wall lamps. All of them were discussing the reason for Silver Coin Viper Oder's purchase of ten tickets.

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723: Another Good Deed Today

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a moment of his mind going adrift, Klein rubbed his temples and slowly composed himself. He discovered that the matter had little to do with him.

He wasn't motivated to participate in the matter. He was apathetic to whether the Loen military found Turani von Helmosuin, because he lacked a sense of belonging to the Loen Kingdom. What he had done in the past was solely to ensure a stable society and that its citizens wouldn't suffer any accidental damage. If possible, he didn't mind instigating a revolution to allow the poor to lead better lives.

I never expected myself to become more of an internationalist after coming to this world… He gave a self-deprecating laugh as he prepared to return to the real world and have some sleep. Under the cloak of darkness, he would allow the tempest outside to freely unleash its might.

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724: The True Meaning Behind the Warning

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Helmosuin's reply, Klein couldn't help but twitch the corner of his lips. He nearly froze on the spot.

My enemies aren't in Bayam… Even if you were to die at Sea King's doorstep, it wouldn't be of much use… He slowly drew a breath and didn't continue the topic. Instead, he asked, "Helmosuin, no—Mr. Hilarion, how did you notice me?"

You even came here before your death to specially warn me!

This was also the puzzlement he had towards Arrodes and Reinette Tinekerr. He just never had a chance to ask them.

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725: Morning

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon seeing the messenger disappear, Klein thought of the demigods he could contact on short notice, but he realized that there weren't any. All he could do was turn his attention onto what he should do next.

The city-wide broadcast must've made Sea King Jahn Kottman not only find Helmosuin, but he would also do his best to search for Sea God and the traces of his believers. It's easy to be detected if I leave in the middle of the night, so I can only choose to stay here until daybreak…

I can't take that ship tomorrow. If I encounter an attack midway, I might affect everyone on the ship. Furthermore, it's not discreet enough.

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726: Preparations Are Very Important

Editor: Atlas Studios

Suddenly, Klein had a familiar feeling. It felt like every tree, every leaf, every rock, every blade of grass wanted him dead.

Upon seeing the rubbish comprising of fragments and paper lunge at him in a strange web, his body suddenly collapsed into a paper figurine.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

The arrow-like branches impaled the paper figurines and landed into the distance. As for the strange net, it immediately enveloped everything within into a ball as it gently squirmed.

Klein's body appeared to the side about eight meters away. He knew that the attack he was worried about had finally descended upon him.

He didn't make any observations or show any hesitation. Raising his right palm, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the adventurer's harmonica.

The situation he had encountered had made him realize that the attacker was likely a demigod from the Rose School of Thought. It was an enemy he was currently unable to defend against!

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727: Lucky One

Editor: Atlas Studios

Thud!

The black revolver with the slightly long barrel recoiled backward as a pale golden beam shot out, heading straight for the spot where the target was about to arrive at.

However, the illusory black threads suddenly stopped as though they were observing something.

From his condition, it didn't appear like he had sensed the arrival of danger, but he had his attention attracted by something else.

A grayish-white rabbit leaped out the thick grass and fled far away as the tree standing in front of the blob of illusory black threads collapsed due to the gunshot.

At the height of a human, a gigantic and irregular hole and a raging pure fire appeared at the tree's trunk, directly splitting it from the middle!

Death Knell's might was equivalent to a small-caliber cannon, and its penetrating powers were even more potent!

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728: Triple Combo

Editor: Atlas Studios

Senor obviously wasn't going to bet that the item thrown by his opponent didn't pose a threat. He immediately dodged far away, allowing the iron cigar case which was sealed by a wall of spirituality to fall to the ground.

Then, he opened his mouth once again and produced a Shriek.

A roar that seemed to come from the depths of his own Spirit Body made Klein experience excruciating pain in his head. Even though he often suffered from the ravings of existences like the True Creator and Mr. Door, and was rather resistant towards such attacks, it was impossible for him to not pause momentarily. He felt his nose burning as though a capillary had burst.

However, with his resistance combined together with Bribe, the effects were reduced. It made his momentary pause only last for an instant, and this was something Senor had no idea of knowing.

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729: Chaos

Editor: Atlas Studios

The entire forest was withering as though an entity that was bringing about destruction to everything was about to descend.

Just as the arm was about to fully extend, a thick bolt of silver lightning smote down from nowhere, illuminating the entire mountain. The sizzling sounds chained together as a cage only spoken in myths enclosed around the black sticky arm.

Dark clouds quickly converged together in the sky, forming brows and a mouth, as though a face was hidden within!

In Bayam City, the huge commotion was noticed by Sea King Jahn Kottman. He didn't hesitate to take action as he ordered the Mandated Punishers to activate the corresponding Sealed Artifacts.

Reinette Tinekerr's figure was forced out of the void, but her complicated black dress didn't seem crumpled at all.

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730: Handling the Latent Risk

Editor: Atlas Studios

On a mountain outside Bayam City, in a forest that had lost all its vitality because it was buried by a half-collapsed cliff.

A tall, stocky middle-aged man with deep blue hair was wearing a Storm priest robe as he stood in the air and overlooked the area. There was a clear burning rage in his eyes.

He was none other than the Church of Storms Cardinal, Archbishop of the Rorsted Sea, high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Sea King Jahn Kottman.

At that moment, the battle from before was still fresh in Kottman's mind. He remembered how every participant in the battle retreated.

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731: Gains

Editor: Atlas Studios

Illusory black threads emanated out of Senor's body and entered Klein's hands. With every jolt in spirituality, it gave a different reaction.

In fact, there was no need to use both hands when controlling the Spirit Body Threads. Klein was just accustomed to doing so, as it gave him a feeling like he was truly controlling a puppet.

From the looks of it, other Marionettists can discover each other's marionettes. The Senor's abnormality can't be hidden from their eyes, so I have to be careful about this. Klein concluded the problems he discovered, and he quickly turned his thoughts back onto Senor.

This Admiral of Blood was dead. His Spirit Body had become a vessel for the marionette, losing any traits that belonged to him. Therefore, many divination methods were ineffective against him.

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732: Destination

Editor: Atlas Studios

Desi County, Conant City, 67 Red Indus Street.

Wearing a commonly seen face in the Loen Kingdom, Klein took a step forward and rang the doorbell.

In less than a minute, the door creaked open as a maidservant looked out and asked out of curiosity, "Good evening, who might you be looking for?"

"I'm here to find Ma'am Neelu. I'm a friend of her father, Davy Raymond," Klein answered calmly.

Davy Raymond was the Nightmare who he had released from Creeping Hunger. It was a Red Glove from the Nighthawks, and the first thing on his mind before he dissipated was his daughter, Neelu Raymond. He was very apologetic towards her for not spending time with her while she grew up, making her effectively lose her father when she had already lost her mother. Klein had promised him that he would make a visit to the beautiful coastal city if he had the chance to visit his daughter.

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